

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## A FRENCH SUCCESS, AND WHAT IS LIKELY TO COME OF IT.

AFTER a series of unbroken reverses, never paralleled in the military annals of any nation, the French have at last gained a success. They have recaptured Orleans, and also Dijon—for a day or two. Except in so far as they may reassure the popular mind, sunk to the very

depths of depression, not to say despair, these events are really of little consequence. The Prussian movement on Orleans was merely tentative, and meant to "feel" the boasted "Army of the Loire." It was a reconnoissance, rather than a formal advance, with a view to permanent occupation. Having unearthed their enemy, and finding him in stronger force probably than was anticipated,

the Prussians fell back from Orleans, losing something in the way of prisoners and supplies, as must always be the case with an army making a retrograde movement, but, nevertheless, all the time maintaining a determined front. The result has been what was probably contemplated; the strength of the French having been ascertained, a Prussian advance in force has been commenced, before which

the "Army of the Loire" will be swept like chaff. It needs no remarkable prescience to predict this, nor yet to prophesy the speedy downfall of Paris.

The "Army of the Loire" will be crushed, not so much by numbers as by the combinations of a genius that never blunders and has never failed. The real commander-in-chief of the Prussian armies (Von Moltke) is one of the



ITALY.—THE RECEPTION OF THE ITALIAN TROOPS BY THE POPULACE OF ROME, UPON THE SURRENDER OF THE PAPAL ZOUAVES.—SEE PAGE 183.



greatest, perhaps the greatest soldier that ever lived—a man of the class who founds and destroys empires, not through headlong bravery and personal dash, but by the calm calculations of the brain. Men fight under his direction, believing implicitly, knowing, in fact, that they are doing the precise thing necessary or proper to be done. "During this war," writes a Bavarian colonel of light cavalry, "I have never made a useless march, whereas, in 1866, I never made a useful one."

The French success at Orleans is therefore only the prick that rouses the lion to a demonstration of his strength, and it is far more likely that before these lines reach our readers the fraction of a government at Tours will be scampering toward the Pyrenees than that the "Army of the Loire" will be raising the siege of Paris. We are told that General Trochu, on the approach of this formidable force, will make a colossal sortie, join General de Paladines, and, by a combined movement, crumple up the Prussian lines, and drive the besiegers headlong beyond the Rhine. This is what MacMahon was to do as regarded Bazaine, and the result of that brilliant plan would hardly seem to warrant its second trial, especially when all its details are published beforehand.

When will France wake up, not to the fact alone, but to the momentous significance of the fact, that all she had of an army has been destroyed or captured, a third of her territory subjugated, and that there are on her soil six hundred thousand trained soldiers, flushed with victory, and, as we have already said, directed by a genius that never blunders and never fails? Diplomatically she is as helpless as in war. What De Paladines and Trochu are to Von Moltke and his generals, so are Thiers and Favre and the rest of them to Bismarck. It is wonderful to see with what clear perception the latter penetrates their shallow diplomatic dodges and their small tricks to gain time and advantages. His whole correspondence with them and about them is a strange mixture of compassion and contempt. Their negotiations have proved just about as successful as the battles of their generals. Disaster follows defeat as well across the council table as in the open field, and nothing now seems more nearly certain than that France must absolutely succumb. If France were a republic, or likely to become one, this finality, now apparently inevitable, might cause us deep regret and positive pain; but as France is only a chaos of factions, and its people a mere mob, incoherent and disorganized, with a fatal tendency toward bloody anarchy, we can only hope that the grand catastrophe may come without delay. Purged of their vanity, their "gloire," and their meddlesome proclivities, they may yet become, what, in their immeasurable conceit, they have long imagined themselves to be, the leaders of civilization. Let them throw aside their broken sword, accept their obvious destiny, and accommodate themselves to the relatively humble sphere in which they seem now doomed to revolve.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3, 1870.

#### REVELATIONS OF THE NATIONAL CENSUS—1790 TO 1900.

HAVING referred in former articles to the manner in which the financial integrity, as well as the unity of our nation, has been maintained through the fierce ordeals of the decade now closing—1861-70—let us now glance at some other features in the history of this memorable period.

Many Europeans, as well as Americans, desirous of knowing the effect produced on our national growth by the calamities consequent on the rebellion, looked anxiously for the results of the census of 1870. It was commonly supposed that the influence on population would be sadly shown in a diminution of the ratio of increase, as compared with former decades. The results of that census, shown in the solid logic of facts and figures, will probably surprise most people on both sides of the

Atlantic. What "might have been," had our country been exempted from the great war, may be left to the imagination capable of estimating the immense sacrifice (directly and indirectly) of blood and treasure. But it is consoling to know that even the horrors prevalent during nearly half of a decade, marked by one of the greatest convulsions which ever threatened the destruction of a nation and government, have not been sufficient to reduce the increase below the ratio prevalent through all previous decennial periods in our prosperous history. It is also satisfactory to know that the census of 1870 strengthens the calculations made more than fifty years ago concerning the steady progress of population in a ratio which will give an aggregate of at least one hundred millions in the census of 1890!

Connected with these matters is a curious feature of statistical calculation. When reviewing the facts shown by the first three enumerations under our National Government—those of 1790, 1800 and 1810—Mr. Elkanah Watson, in the year 1815, estimated the results that would probably be shown at the close of each decade till the end of this century. Annexed is his estimate, and alongside of it is the actual census:

Year.	Est. Pop.	Actual Result.
In 1820.....	9,023,754	9,638,151
1830.....	12,833,645	12,856,070
1840.....	17,116,526	17,002,565
1850.....	23,135,363	23,191,876
1860.....	31,753,824	31,445,080
1870.....	41,328,433	41,500,000*
1880.....	56,150,241	
1890.....	77,526,989	
1900.....	100,350,985	*Estimated.

Never before were prophecy and fulfillment so signally exemplified as in the results of the enumerations for the six decennial periods between and including 1811 and 1860. This remarkable accuracy in calculation—the fulfillment of prophecy thus far—the vigorous growth and bright prospects of our country—warrant belief that many if not most of those who now read this article will live to find themselves members of a Republican Nation of fifty States and a hundred millions of people, with an empire stretching from Atlantic to Pacific, from the Mexican Gulf to the Arctic regions.

What a contrast to the comparatively small population in the thirteen colonies that struggled through the War of Independence in the sparsely-settled strip of territory between the Alleghany Mountains and the Atlantic coast!

#### THE "SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS."

THE horrors recently exposed in London, connected with the trial and execution of one of the many monsters engaged in child-murder and similar crimes—a trade sometimes styled "baby-farming"—have aroused widespread attention to the necessity for organizing Foundling Hospitals where such are not already constructed, and for better arranging some of the existing institutions. Revelations now being made in New York furnish additional arguments to the same effect. The increase of the above-mentioned evils satisfies many who were not long ago skeptical about the propriety of countenancing such hospitals. Without discussing the causes rendering them necessary, it is sufficient, in the light of humanity, to know that they are necessary for preventing a wholesale "slaughter of the innocents" such as even Herod never dreamt of.

Much good must soon result from the shock inflicted on the public mind by the London investigations—it required a moral earthquake to rouse proper attention to the apparent increase of the enormous evils. Additional institutions will, ere long, be erected in London for the purpose; and immediate reform will doubtless be made in the management of the Foundling Hospital long established in that city. "It is surely worth considering if the present strict rules of the Foundling Hospital tend to decrease the murders of illegitimate children," says a writer in the London Times, "for they certainly do not lessen the number of infanticides."

One of the great wants of the city of New York is a Foundling Asylum, of sufficient size and endowment to fulfill properly the duties of such an institution. Happily the task of remedying this desideratum has been undertaken by persons who permit no difficulties to deter them from the prosecution of their benevolent mission. Five of the "Sisters of Charity" devoted themselves to this object near the close of last year. Their courage was equal to the self-imposed duty. Strong in their faith of success, they began with scarcely a dollar; and their heroic spirit soon excited the liberality of humane persons to such a degree, that they almost immediately hired a building for temporary use till public attention should be sufficiently aroused to endow an edifice large enough and otherwise better suited to the purpose. The present temporary Asylum is in Waverley Place, fronting on Washington Square, between Broadway and Fifth Avenue. The simple fact that, in less than a year,

about two thousand infants have been laid at their doors—a large portion of whom would probably have been murdered, had not their Asylum stood ready to receive the helpless waifs—speaks trumpet-tongued of the necessity for such an edifice, while the successful management of the institution in its early state, and with limited accommodations and resources, foreshadows what may be expected under the auspices now dawning on the enterprise. The faith and works of the good Sisters caused a legislative appropriation of \$100,000 toward the construction of a large edifice, the payment being conditioned on the raising of an equal amount by individual contribution. And it is to fill up the balance of this latter amount, so as to entitle the Asylum to receive the proffered public bounty, that the great Fair is now being held, under the auspices of the "Sisters," at the army in Fourteenth street. A large part of the required sum is already subscribed, and it is hoped that the avails of this truly charitable Fair will go a great way, if not the whole way, toward settling the question of a speedy erection of the much-needed large edifice.

Having aided, with pen and pencil, to draw attention to this enterprise last winter, soon after the Sisters began their mission, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER now congratulates the friends of the cause on the success it is meeting with, and rejoices in being able to point public attention to the good example which those ladies have shown, for the encouragement of others struggling to promote benevolent objects.

#### THE END OF TURKEY.

THE effects of the war between France and Germany, striking and momentous as they have already been, seem likely to soon assume much larger proportions. The temporal power of the Pope has disappeared, and a great and warlike nation has been reduced to a secondary rank, if not indeed given over to dissolution. And now it appears as if the question of "the Sick Man," Turkey, will soon find its solution in the extinction of Moslem power in Europe. That such a result was inevitable sooner or later, no statesman could deny, but yet the Western Powers interfered energetically fifteen years ago to postpone the catastrophe. That interference was only made effective through French arms—now paralyzed and incapable of again opposing the power or designs of Russia. It is not surprising, then, that the latter power, with the recollections of the Crimea still fresh, should find the opportunity propitious for reasserting her traditional policy and long-avowed design of absorbing Turkey in her own autonomy. Especially as it now seems probable that an understanding has been reached with Prussia to the effect that the latter shall oppose no obstacles to the realization of Russian ambition.

The first step has been taken. Russia has disavowed the treaty of 1856, so far as concerns her relations with Turkey; she refuses to be longer trammelled or circumscribed by its provisions, and the sole question now is, "Will the parties to that document undertake to enforce its observance?" Of these, Prussia is probably in complete accord with Russia; France is powerless; so that there remain only Great Britain, Austria, Italy and Turkey to make the attempt. That these will make a furious diplomatic war we do not doubt; in fact, Great Britain has already opened its documentary batteries. But Russia will not be deterred from her objects by paper bombs, and the attitude she has taken is too determined to leave any doubt of her readiness to support it by force of arms.

The question of war will probably rest with Austria—the only power that could make opposition to Russia at all effective. But Austria will consider well if she possesses the means of entering a contest in which defeat would be her annihilation. The matter is one of gravity to her; to England or Italy a reverse would bring no serious danger nor inflict any serious damage. We do not think it likely that Austria will venture on war, except under circumstances not likely to arise. And if she does not, the fate of Turkey is sealed. Of course, the Porte will make a show of resistance, as did the Pope, but with no hope or probability of success. It will be a remarkable coincidence if one eventful year should witness the fall of the Papacy and the extinction of Mahometanism in Europe! In good truth, the world *does* move!

At length, thanks to the efforts of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, there is a movement to ameliorate the condition of cattle in their transit from the West to this market. To say nothing of the loss in money value sustained by the butchers on account of the bruising of cattle in the car, the amount of suffering on the part of the brutes themselves cannot be computed. Jammed together as close as they can be packed in a jolting car, where it is almost death to lie down, the steaming heat and burning thirst not only cause in-

tense suffering, but must necessarily beget a fevered condition, from which the beasts have not time to recover before being killed. Any efforts to relieve the animals from suffering, and to give our citizens beef from bullocks in the same healthy condition as when feeding on the Western prairies, will be hailed with pleasure. In an improved car, set on springs like a passenger-car, recently constructed, not only has each animal a separate stall, in which he can stand or lie at pleasure, but at his head is a tank of water, and a feed-box for oats or corn, so that he can eat, drink, or ruminate at will. It is claimed that the greater cost of transportation by this means is more than made up in the diminished shrinkage, while there are no delays in unloading and feeding on the way, and that the cattle are exempt from scratches and bruises, which so lessen the value of an animal.

THE results of the recent elections for members of Congress in the various States are certainly gratifying in one sense, if not in all—gratifying inasmuch as they will make further legislation by "two-thirds majority" impossible. For the few years succeeding the close of the war, it was fortunate that the radical legislation then requisite was rendered possible by the overwhelming strength of the dominant party. But the necessity for such legislation is past, and the two-thirds engine is no longer required for any useful purpose. For two or three years it has been often used for doubtful, if not utterly improper, purposes, not sanctioned by imperious public necessities. We are glad that its use or abuse is no longer possible. A strong, vigorous, not to say aggressive, minority in both houses of Congress is a desideratum with reflecting men of all parties.

GARIBALDI is not pleased with General Grant's policy in regard to Cuba, nor with the attitude of the United States toward France. In a recent proclamation he says: "General Grant, who by lifting up his finger might have sent back to Madrid the soldiers of Prim, quietly allows them to massacre and destroy an entire population which belongs to the grand family of Washington, and hardly allows the Great Republic to fling a word of sympathy to the brave descendants of Lafayette. And thou, proud home-refuge of the exile! thou who wert the first to proclaim the emancipation of races, and who to-day enjoyest the triumph of thy courageous initiative, wilt thou leave all alone in the struggle of giants this sister nation, who, like thyself, marched and will yet march in the van of human progress?"

HERE is an illustration of the general disorganization of France to which we have elsewhere alluded. The "Reds" have organized a "League of the South," composed of sixteen Departments; have elected M. Esquiros President; have declared Valence their centre; have issued orders for a separate taxation and a volunteer army; have ordered the election of a separate assembly, and have called on all citizens to march against Prussia and monarchical despotism. All this means secession and anarchy besides.

SPAIN has chosen a king at last, after having been so long without one as to prove him unnecessary. The choice has fallen on the Duke of Aosta, second son of the King of Italy, who once declined the proffered honor. The vote of one hundred and ninety-one against one hundred and twenty, by which he was elected, does not promise well for the quiet or permanence of his throne. Affairs in Spain can have but one solution, and that through the Republic. We give King Amédée twelve months' reign—not more.

THE pen with which Count Bismarck is to sign peace has been already manufactured. Herr Bissinger, of Pforzheim (wherever that may be), has manufactured in gold a goose-quill design. The gold feather is intended to represent the feather of a real quill, every fibre being separate, and the back of the feather is studded with brilliants, below which a coronet and Count Bismarck's monogram are engraved. It seems to be a harmless if somewhat heavy trait of national vanity.

THE Republic of Salvador in Central America is seized with a vigorous reformatory movement. Education is declared to be compulsory; parents and masters of apprentices, who neglect to attend to the education of their children, are to be fined \$2.50 for "each offense," whatever that may mean. In this moral excitement, all raffles are declared to be illegal, except those for the benefit of the clergy.

THEY have their jokes in Paris, notwithstanding the "gravity of the situation." "Horse-beef" comes in for its share. "It is proposed to tax horse-flesh! By the horse or by weight?" "Horses were once stimulated by the spur—"



now by mustard?" Hospital anecdotes are plentiful. A young Mobile had his leg broken, and it was set by a terribly slow practitioner; when the job was done and the surgeon's back turned, the Mobile said to his next-bed neighbor, "I have got a ball in my back, too, but I was not going to tell him; *il m'a trop embêté.*"

"I APPREHEND," says an able British writer, "that there is not the slightest doubt in the mind of any competent observer, cognizant of the real facts of the case, that the French are hopeless, thoroughly, irretrievably beaten; that prolonged resistance can eventuate only in added bloodshed and intensified suffering; that the new levies ordered through the country, and now flocking to their standards, are mere sheep, led, and led blindfold, to unprofitable slaughter."

### DYSPEPSIA.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

DYSPEPSIA is not a disease, for a disease when accurately known shows a certain congeries of symptoms dependent upon an equally defined series of anatomical lesions. Dyspepsia, as it is called, presents no regular symptoms, nor are there any actual localized affections which are the invariable cause of these manifestations—or, as we call them, symptoms. Dyspepsia is, then, not a disease, but a collection of more or less varied symptoms, and consequently dependent upon a great variety of physical disturbances. A person, therefore, having dyspeptic symptoms, may have a great variety of diseases. It is the duty of the physician to analyze these symptoms, and to disintegrate from the collection the desired fact, whether the actual primal cause of all the troubles lies in the stomach, the liver, the kidneys, or the brain. And this is no easy task. It requires a careful and prolonged study of each case, and is a work in which the best men are sometimes thwarted, and far above the calibre of the ordinary physician.

Thus, a gentleman who complained to me of pain in his stomach, great thirst, acidity, belching of wind, uneasy feeling in his limbs and shoulders, especial difficulty after eating, etc., had evidently many of the ordinary dyspeptic symptoms. A careful examination of the man, with some additional facts of his general irritability, of his rapid loss of flesh, made me suspect some latent, hidden difficulty, while a chemical analysis of his secretions showed that his real complaint, at the bottom and the foundation of all his symptoms, was diabetes.

Again, a lady of uncertain age, and a complainant of various feelings of a disagreeable nature (and conspicuous among them were palpitations and flutterings and "liftings-up" of the heart), finally went to Europe, where, at one of French springs, the attendant physician (and these spring hotel doctors are the nearest approach to charlatans possible, all the world over) told her that she was in a very bad way—that her heart was affected—and to her friends, that her days were numbered.

Women are queer creatures. They commence to think of heart about sixteen, when they are anxious to lose it, and they never get over anxiety when the heart is mentioned. It is a bugbear to them, and the study (!) of physiology in the schools—such smatterings of knowledge don't benefit them much on such occasions.

Well, when a pompous "spring doctor" so positively says that one has "heart-disease," why, the biggest of the "men-animals" gets a little shaky—judge how this lady who went to Europe for pleasure felt. After a brief stay, she hastened back, with every joy dimmed by the fear that she might drop down dead at any moment. Three doctors, unknown to one another, were called in to see her—the most celebrated in the city. They all agreed that her heart trouble was but functional, and all dependent upon dyspepsia and anemia. A course of diet, some regulating medicine—iron persistently (which the big "spring doctor" most positively forbade her taking)—and a year after, every heart trouble had disappeared, except it be a slight heart-lifting after an anniversary dinner at her own house, with its attendant anxieties.

But there are cases of pure dyspepsia—I. e., dyspeptic symptoms which cannot be traced to any especial cause, and which we are therefore compelled to call by the name of dyspepsia. In many of them we recognize some symptom more prominent than another, such as more or less obstinate costiveness, eructations and passages of wind, sourness in the mouth, burning in the pit of the stomach, heat in the palms of the hands and soles of the feet.

In one case we find some relief from laxative medicines; from eating rhubarb; by changing the food to something coarser and more succulent. The acidity we correct as it comes on by the carbonate of soda, taken in any necessary quantity till relieved. The burnings and distress in the stomach we find benefited by the bicarbonate of bismuth, taken like the soda.

Sometimes we find, or think, at least, that the trouble is from inaction of the liver, and from a deficit in the secretions of the stomach or pancreas, and we try a few drops of the nitromuriatic acid after eating, to help dissolve the food in the stomach.

Then, again, we conclude that there is a deficiency of gastric juice, and we supplement this defect by pepsin—which is the dried gastric juice or rennet of a calf. This will digest the food out of the stomach, and so we help our own deficiencies by trying it internally.

Now, when any one comes to me complaining of these varied symptoms, it takes a more intimate knowledge of the constitution of a stranger than can be obtained at one sight, to hit exactly at the especial difficulty that is af-

flicting him. If the exact trouble was apparent, like the Western sharpshooters I could bring it down with a long rifle ball; but as this is not so certain, I use a shot-gun that scatters some; and some one of the ingredients in the following recipe will generally hit—and so long as the final result is to bring down the game, we don't regret the lost ammunition: Powdered rhubarb, bicarbonate of bismuth, pure pepsin—each, one drachm; bicarbonate of soda, in case there be much acidity, one drachm; and then, to add a fillip to a lazy digestion, add ten grains of pulverized red pepper. Mix this powder intimately together, and of it take as much as can be put on a silver five-cent piece at each meal. This is almost sure to do great good. When the powder is exhausted it may be evident that some one or another of the ingredients is unnecessary, and on repeating it, this or that one may be omitted.

There is a saying that, "*at forty every one is either a fool or a doctor.*" I am happy in thinking that one is not necessarily both. But the saying means no more nor less than this, that he either knows what he can't eat and drink and do with impunity, or he is a fool. The adage has a lesson worthy of study, as all these axioms are condensations of wisdom which have survived antiquity and floated down the stream of time.

We should know what agrees with us—whether we can eat mackerel and salt beef, smoked fish and meats, eggs, buckwheat and other hot cakes, hot bread, pie crust, chicken pot-pie, and the like; whether we can eat them early in the morning, or eat them and go to bed and sleep sound. If we can't do it, don't try. A good night's sleep is better than the best pot-pie conceivable. Dyspepsia is the worst ill in the whole catalogue of diseases. It makes a quarrelsome husband, a peevish wife—a woman can't scold hard on a dyspeptic stomach; it made the worst religion in the world—harsh to its believers, cruel to its disbelievers. It has made wars in nations and quarrels in families. The original type of Evil crawled on his belly, and those whose bellies are their governors have too much of the Spirit of Evil therein.

Recognize the capacity of your stomach. No sensible man would attempt to get 2.40 out of a cart-horse; why, with a slow, inefficient, weak stomach, attempt an alderman's dinner?

Once in a year one may run the risk of the nightmare, and all its pains and perils, to celebrate his wedding-day or the birth of his darling; but to keep up such attempts shows an unappreciation of life and its inestimable enjoyments. Better a dish of herbs with peace and quietness, than every luxury with its after results.

### A SCENE AT ROME—ENTRANCE OF THE ITALIAN TROOPS.

ON our front page this week is illustrated a scene which occurred on the entrance of the Italian troops into Rome. For some days after the Italians took possession of the Eternal City, the rejoicing and illumination was universal. During the day the streets are occupied by surging throngs of excited people, who cheer after and shout as processions of two and three hundred persons come in sight, waving the tri-colored flag, singing popular songs, and carrying banners, which they wave to and fro through the air. From the vast crowds arises cheer after cheer for the King, "*Il Re Galantuomo*," and General Cadorna. During the night the city is brilliantly illuminated, and torchlight processions thread through the crowded streets, waving their torches and lamps to and fro through the air, throwing a ghastly light over the faces and persons of the bystanders. The Bersaglieri or police are out in force to repress disorder and prevent accidents. The women crowd around the soldiers, and beg them to give them a lock of their hair, a feather out of their caps, a kiss, a grasp of their hand, anything, in short, for a memento of the glorious day of Italian unity. Old men and women, bending under the weight of many winters, embrace the soldiers, and cry, holding them tight by the waist, "Don't leave us any more in the hands of that Pope, his priests, and his brigands." In the long, broad street of the Corso the scene was particularly fine, and almost realized one's ideas of fairyland. Thousands of colored lamps were strung, in one unbroken line, on both sides of the street. Fireworks of all descriptions were set off in every direction, and the flags and bunting were hung from windows, or draped gracefully around the balconies. All wore on their heads a placard, on which was written "*Si*" (for the Yes of the plebiscite), and in every way the demonstration was spontaneous and imposing. A large crowd gathered before the Palazzo Piombino, in the Piazza Colonna, where General Cadorna had taken up his quarters. The general was obliged to show himself, in response to a call from the people, and made them a neat speech, which was enthusiastically applauded.

### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

#### Fall of Strasbourg.

The redoubts and other fortifications constructed by the besieged, as they appeared on the day after the surrender of Strasbourg, betrayed the tremendous effects of the German artillery fire. The parapets and emplacements were knocked into hopeless masses of loose earth. Most of the embrasures had been closed with sand-bags; and the earthen tops of the stone-built magazines, in some cases forming the epaulements, had sand-bags added to preserve them, and to aid their power of arresting the flanking fire of the besiegers. The fire from the Prussian batteries was so well directed that most of the shells struck the top of these epaulements, and bursting at the same moment, sent destruction to the men and the guns underneath. There was not a gun but bore evidence that the flying fragments of shell had left their mark. Many of the guns were knocked over—wheels and carriages were smashed beyond repair—broken

guns and fragments of carriages lay in and behind the batteries. In the two principal redoubts attacked, the appearances tended to indicate that the guns had not been replaced for some time, and that the garrison had ceased also to repair the embrasures and parapets.

#### A Balloon Passing Over Versailles.

The frequent dispatch of balloons from Paris, conveying persons and bags of letters, when the wind serves, to the Departments not yet occupied by the Prussian forces, when they are forwarded to their destination by railway or postchaise, is a remarkable incident of the present siege. The engraving gives us a view of a scene in the Place de l'Abbe l'Épée, Versailles, at the moment of a balloon passing over it, and going to the westward, uninjured and unimpeded by the hostile efforts to stop its aerial course. The passage of balloons over Versailles—giving the passengers in them an opportunity to inquire minutely into the details of the enemy's mode of besieging Paris and his strength—rarely fails to create excitement among the German and Bavarian soldiery, who make every effort with rifle and cannon balls to tear open the gas-bags, and so bring them to earth.

#### Uhlans Tracking the Course of a Balloon.

In sailing from Paris aeronauts have not always been successful; but they have been more than moderately so, having, of the number which have passed beyond the Prussian lines of circumvallation, lost only two—a large and a small one. M. Gambetta himself, in his successful attempt to escape from Paris, came very near falling into the hands of the Uhlans, who, for miles, followed on earth the cardinal course he pursued in the heavens. He escaped, but it was by sheer good fortune. Had he fallen in the hands of the enemies of France the correspondence he had with him would have given King William a thorough insight into his plans, and possibly have closed the war before this; and with it, perhaps, brought the downfall of the Republic.

#### Tapping the Telegraph.

Until our great internecine war, the art of tapping telegraph wires stretching through the enemy's country, by connecting wires with the main one and drawing the intelligence that passed over it from point to point, was never attempted. With us it was a success, and the Prussians, in their present war with France, do not hesitate to avail themselves of the discovery. A corps of telegraphers accompany each army division, and among other duties they are called on to perform, is that of tapping, or ascertaining the intentions of the enemy so far as they can be gathered from messages that may be passed over the wires. This saves the destruction of much property, and often life, for when any plan of attack is thus discovered it is easy to frustrate it. The Prussians do not, as did the Allies in the Crimea, unwisely tear down the wires. Our illustration shows a group of German telegraphers in a tent near Paris, "reading off" the messages that are being communicated to Tours and elsewhere.

#### Pont Napoleon.

This bridge, which is on the southeast side of Paris, at Bercy, has been thoroughly fortified, and is now included in the defensive works of the city. Batteries have been placed in position on it, which effectually sweep not only the roadway, but the dam which is thrown across the Seine near it. It is thought impossible for an enemy to force a passage by way of this bridge into the city, as not only redoubts and barricades would have to be overcome, but a continuous and deadly fire of grape and canister and shell to be checked.

#### English Democrats.

A meeting of all who sympathized with France in her present struggle against the combined armies of Germany, and who were desirous of having the republic thereof recognized by the British Government, was held in Palace Yard, London, England, on the 19th ult. The meeting was not large, nor were the speakers enthusiastically applauded. The managers of it demanded that the Ministry should at once and unhesitatingly recognize the Republic of France. One orator, more enthusiastic than the rest, and who seemed to be especially favored by the assemblage, cried out: "If the British Ministry do not speedily recognize France, they may, before many years, be compelled to bow to the mandates of the Republic of England!" The meeting was adjourned at an early hour. The British Ministry have not yet recognized the French Republic.

#### THE LOTOS.

ON Saturday week, now past, Mayor Hall, the recently elected President of the Lotos Club, entertained the members of the body at a—so it was named in the notes of invitation issued by him—*petit souper*, in their Club House, next the Academy of Music. It was the sort of *petit souper* which Delmonico arranges, and was splendidly served by that admirable caterer. The bodily refection, however, constituted the least attractive portion of the entertainment, as the wish of the Club was unmistakably evinced to meet their new President, and rarely, if ever, has a body of men—so short a time since united in the ties of club-life—been drawn together, who displayed a larger proportion of brain, gentlemanly bearing, good-fellowship and youth. Singularly enough, with perhaps three exceptions, Mr. Hall is the oldest man in the Club; and when it is remembered that he is but in the prime of life and of his intellectual powers, it may readily be conceived that so brilliant a body of young talent has never before assembled in any social body in this country. The evening was a most agreeable one, and speeches were made by members in response to their names being mentioned by the host, which evinced the active determination entertained by them to make this the leading literary, artistic and social club in the metropolis. Among those who responded were Colonel Knox, Messrs. Douglas Taylor, Elliott, Merriam, Stuart, Augustin Daly, with numerous others, while Messrs. Montgomery, Arthur Mathison, Harkins, and others of the members, gave appropriate recitations. The party broke up in the small hours of the morning, and rarely has the urbanity and distinguished talent of a new President so immediately and powerfully made itself felt upon the body which had honored, at the same time, him and themselves by his election.

We are indebted to Signor Ferdinand de Luca, Consul-General of Italy in this city, for courtesies rendered.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

"ENOCH ARDEN" sought his gentle Annie in Troy, N. Y., recently, assisted by many friends.

"TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM" were condensed into one, at the Opera-House, Atlanta, Ga.

MARIE SEEBACH closed her engagement at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 12th.

MR. JEFFERSON's one hundredth representation of "Rip Van Winkle" was given on the 22d.

THE "LONG STRIKE" has extended to Kansas City, Mo., where crowds assembled to see it out.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS held a "School for Scandal" in Pittsburgh, Pa., and had many intelligent pupils.

THE San Francisco Minstrels opened a "Nursery" in their New York hall, and had a crowd of applicants.

THE "Wild-Cat" that was "Wept of the Wishton-wish," has appeared in the new Richmond (Va.) Theatre.

ADELINA PATTI comes here next year, accompanied by Herr Nieman, said to be the best tenor in Germany.

CAMILLA URSO, the violinist, has been seriously ill, and will be unable to appear in public the present season.

THE "Witches of New York" became frisky over Jersey lightning at Newark on the 15th, and created rare sport.

TEN symphony concerts are to be given this season at the Boston Music Hall by the Harvard Musical Association.

"THE BOUNDING FAWN OF THE PRAIRIE" leaped on the stage of the Bowery Theatre, New York, on the 14th.

THE whole of the Berlin clergy have petitioned for the prohibition of Offenbach's operettas and French dances.

A MOVEMENT is already on foot to place a monumental tablet in Westminster Abbey in honor of the late composer, Balfe.

"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL," "The Huguenot," and other *protégés* of the English Opera Troupe, were taken to Philadelphia on the 14th.

GENERAL GRANT found himself "Among the Breakers" at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, lately, under the care of J. S. Clarke.

THE Shakespeare Association of Philadelphia offered the "Loan of a Lover" to the public on the 10th, and the ladies thronged their hall.

At Niblo's Theatre, New York, "Raparee" has become quite popular, and, I think, proved for the manager's fund a good wrapper—eh?

OUR old favorite, Charlotte Cushman, is in New York, and much better in health than reported a few weeks ago. We hope soon to see her in "Meg Merrilies."

"MAN AND WIFE" appear to be a very restless couple, taking a peep in all the principal theatres of the country, and being found in several places at the same time.

JULIET AUSTIN, of Milwaukee, has returned from Berlin, where her musical studies were finished, and has created a great sensation in her native village by her vocal charms.

MISS ADABERG, of the Imperial Opera at Vienna, a fellow-student of Tietjens and Bettelheim, has arrived in this country, and will make her debut in New Orleans shortly.

LITTLE Jennie Yeamans, who sings so sweetly in character in "Wee Willie Winkie," at the Olympic, in New York, is the best infant phenomenon we have had for several years.

MADAME SCHELLER ventured an active appearance in a "Lottery of Life" at the Academy of Music, Omaha, on the 10th, and three nights were necessary for mutual satisfaction.

At Lina Edwin's Theatre, New York, the "Wonderful Lamp" guided the "Three Blind Beggars" through a successful career, and on its extinction on the 21st, "An Idle Apprentice" stole in.

MR. DAN BRYANT has arrived home from San Francisco, where he filled a prosperous engagement in Irish characters, at the California Theatre. His new minstrel hall is nearly completed, and will soon be opened.

SIGNOR RANDOLFI, that *amabile ragazzo*, is pleasing our country cousins greatly, we read, in the Kellogg Concerts, his rich and mellow voice and manly style being much admired. He will be welcome to musical circles when he returns to New York.

WEHLI, the pianist, is performing the Grand Tour of America, and America is undecided which to admire most—himself, or the "Weber" he interprets. Their united efforts have been universally appreciated, and this musical twain have charmed all hearers.

A TROOP of soney and daring "Brigands," headed by Captain Montaland and Lieutenant Offenbach (Commissariat, Baron Fisk), attacked the Grand Opera House on the 14th with unexampled vigor and spirit. The House and its immense population surrendered at discretion, and even seemed to like it.

WE learn from the country journals that Miss Kellogg's concerts have been successful throughout her tour, and that popularity and prosperity have marked her for their own. Our charming American songstress is firmly implanted in the affections of her compatriots, and has sung herself into the good graces and admiration of all who have heard her lovely voice and been gratified by her perfect vocalization.

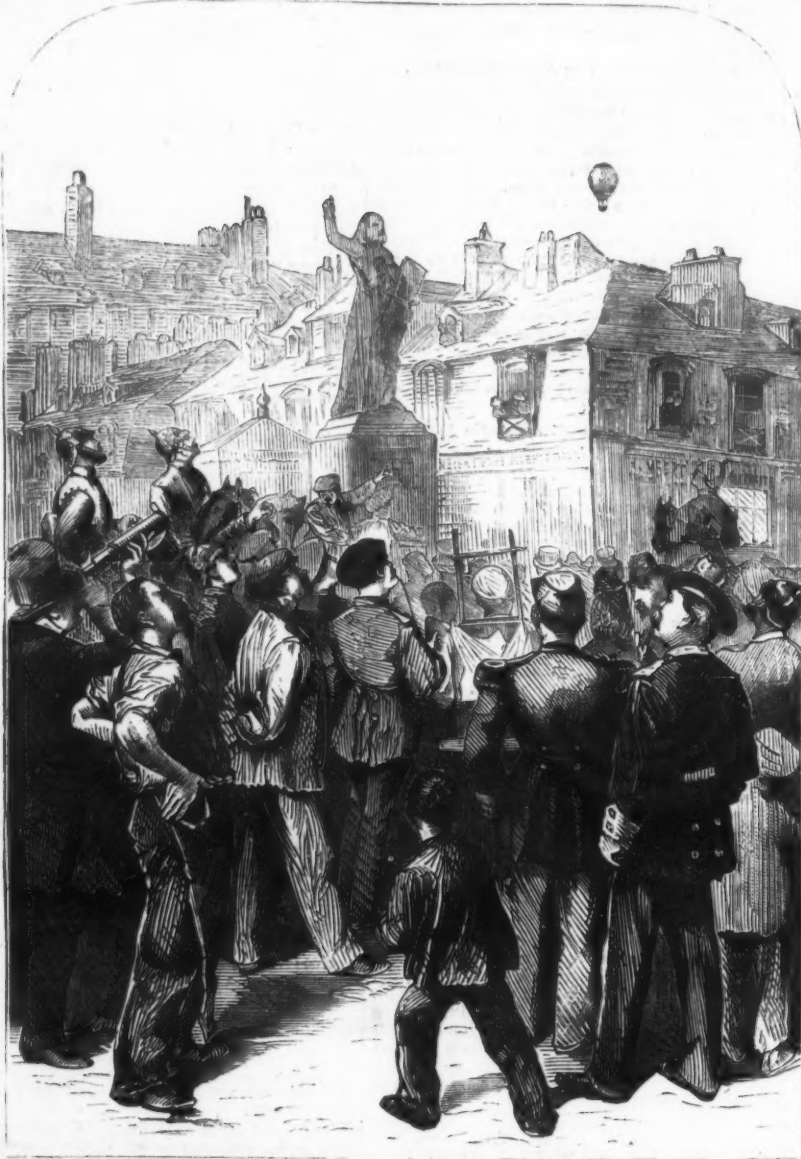
MR. AUGUSTIN DALY has signalized this week by producing, at his *bijou* theatre, "The Hunchback" on Monday night, with Miss Ethel and Mr. Harkins; and "The Heir at Law" Tuesday, with Lewis and Davidge; while "Fernande," the great sensation of last season, is announced for to-night, with Misses Morant and Ethel and Messrs. Harkins and Folk in the principal characters. A busy time, and a prosperous, hath this fashionable and elegant little theatre.

THE Lydia Thompson Burlesque Troupe, at Wood's Museum, has combined its energies in a picturesque representation of a burlesque called "Paris; or, the Apple of Discord." It is based on the well-known mythological story of the Judgment of Paris; it is comprised in five scenes; it introduces twenty-two persons, representative chiefly of the heathen gods and goddesses; it admits of a lustrous scenic setting; and it is pervaded by an atmosphere of mingled merriment and softness.

MR. WALTER MONTGOMERY, the Anglo-Austro-American tragedian, gave a reading, or rather a series of recitations from memory, on Tuesday, the 15th, at Steinway Hall. Shakespeare figured largely and admirably in the programme, and Poet's "Jells" was splendidly delivered. Mr. M.'s full, rich voice ringing the changes on the whole peal with unsurpassable ability and effect. A strikingly fine and original poem, called "The Hymn of Princes," from the fluent and powerful pen of John Brougham, capably delivered by Mr. Montgomery, concluded the selection, which was listened to and warmly applauded by a numerous and appreciative auditory.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 183.



FRANCE.—A BALLOON FROM THE BELEAGUERED CITY OF PARIS PASSING OVER THE PRUSSIAN HEAD-QUARTERS AT VERSAILLES.



FRANCE.—UHLANS TRACKING THE COURSE OF THE BALLOON IN WHICH M. GAMBETTA ESCAPED FROM PARIS.



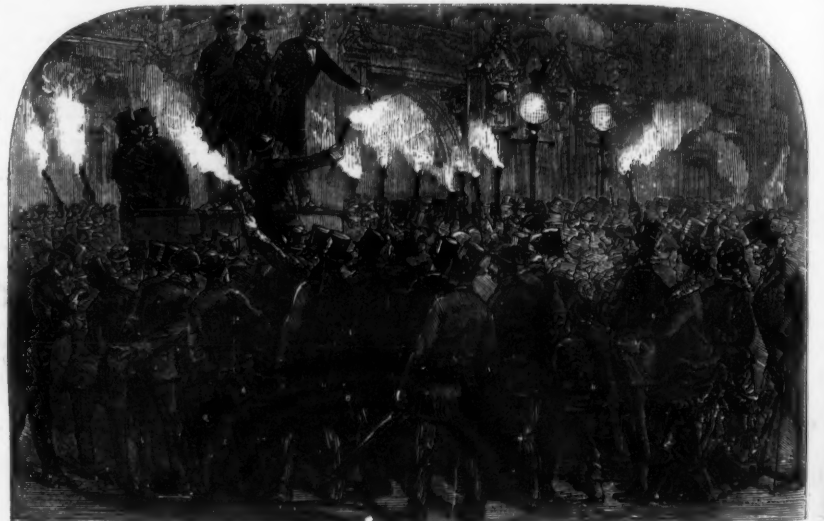
FRANCE.—FRENCH GUNS AS THEY WERE FOUND BY THE PRUSSIAN IN THE FORTIFICATIONS OF STRASBOURG, AFTER THE CAPITULATION.



FRANCE.—PRUSSIAN EXPERTS "TAPPING" FRENCH TELEGRAPH WIRES EXTENDING FROM PARIS TO THE DEPARTMENTS.

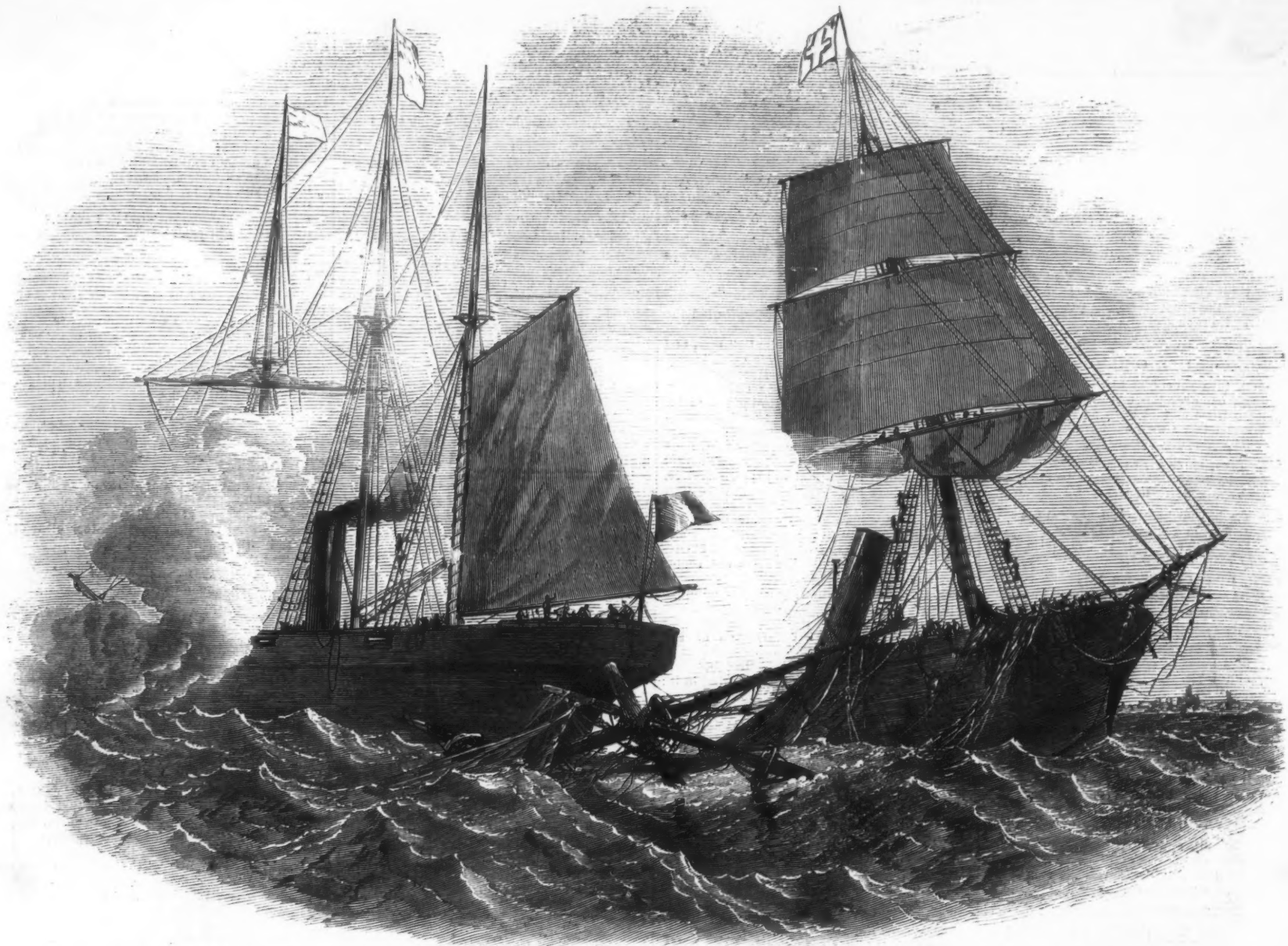


FRANCE.—THE PONT NAPOLEON, AT BERCY, INCLUDED IN THE LINES OF FORTIFICATION ON THE SOUTH-EAST SIDE OF PARIS.



ENGLAND.—TORCHLIGHT MEETING OF SYMPATHIZERS WITH THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, IN PALACE YARD, LONDON.





CUBA.—THE NAVAL DUEL BETWEEN THE FRENCH DISPATCH BOAT BOUVET, FIVE GUNS, AND THE PRUSSIAN GUNBOAT METEOR, THREE GUNS, FOUGHT OFF THE HARBOR OF HAVANA, NOVEMBER 9, 1870.

### THE NEW KING OF SPAIN.

PRINCE AMADEUS FERDINAND MARIA, the third child of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy and Queen Maria Adelaide, who was declared King of Spain at Madrid on the 17th inst., was born in Turin, May 30, 1845.

Prince Amadeus takes his title of Duke of Aosta from a little town which lies in the north of Piedmont, under the shadow of the Alps, and at the foot of the well-known pass of St. Bernard. He is a lieutenant-general in the Italian army, and commands a brigade of cavalry, and, so far, has seen but little of public life. In 1867 he married a young lady two years younger than himself—Victoria-Carlotta Henrietta Gianna del Pozzo della Cisterna. She is the daughter of Prince Charles, *etcetera*, Cisterna, and of a Countess of Merode. Both of her parents have died during the last few years.

By his elevation to the throne of Spain the governing houses of Italy and the Iberian peninsula will hold unusually close relations, for the Princess Maria Pia, a younger daughter of Victor Emmanuel, is Queen of Portugal, having in 1862 married King Louis. The eldest child of the Italian king, it will be remembered, is the Princess Clotilde, wife of Prince Napoleon. Her career seems to be much less exalted than those of the other members of her family.

The new king is very popular in Italy, and has been noted for his even temper and suavity. He has been brought up in the school of constitutional monarchy, and ought to make an honest and liberal ruler.

### NAVAL BATTLE OFF HAVANA.

We print an illustration showing the engagement, which had been previously arranged in Havana, by the officers of the Prussian and French naval vessels now in the Caribbean Sea, between the Meteor and the Bouvet, witnessed by the Spanish frigate *Hernando Cortes*, on board of which was the Captain-General of Cuba and suite. Except in the actual destruction of one of the vessels, this naval duel was not unlike that fought between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama* off the coast of France during our civil war. According to a telegraphic statement of the battle, the Prussian war-steamer *Meteor*, carrying three guns, and the French war-steamer *Bouvet*, carrying five, entered the harbor on the 7th inst. The *Meteor*, however, immediately left port in pursuit of the French mail steamer, the *Nouveau Monde*. But the steamer returned, fearing capture, and was followed by the Prussian vessel. On the night of Tuesday, the 8th, the *Bouvet* left port, but waited outside for the German war-vessel. After the expiration of twenty-four hours, the time prescribed by law, the *Meteor* followed, a naval duel having been arranged between the officers before starting. The Spanish war-steamer *Hernando Cortes* accompanied the two vessels. The *Meteor* had a crew of sixty men, and the *Bouvet* eighty. The *Bouvet* was ten

miles beyond the offing. Upon the coming out of the *Meteor*, she steamed inward toward the neutral line. The *Bouvet* opened the contest by firing five shots, which the *Meteor* promptly returned. The *Bouvet* then attempted to board the *Meteor*. In this she was unsuccessful. Her rigging became entangled, carrying away her main and mizzen masts. The rigging, fall-

ing with the masts, became entangled in the *Meteor's* screw, as our illustration shows. At the same moment the *Meteor* sent a shell into the inside of the *Bouvet*, smashing her steam-pipe. The *Meteor*, by reason of the disabling of her screw, became unmanageable, and the *Bouvet*, finding the quarters hot, and capture certain if she waited until the *Meteor* could dis-

entangle herself, set sail rapidly, and made for port, the *Meteor* continuing to fire meanwhile. With a fair wind the *Bouvet* was enabled to cross into Spanish water before the *Meteor* could disentangle her screw. At this time the *Hernando Cortes* fired a gun, as a signal that the combat had closed. Both fought bravely. The Germans lost in the engagement, to whom was accorded the victory, three killed and one wounded, and the French had three of their crew wounded. Subsequently, the German residents in Havana gave the officers and crew of the *Meteor* a banquet, and also followed by hundreds, to their final resting-place, the bodies of the men killed in the action.

### REVIEW OF NATIONAL GUARD OF PARIS.

IMMEDIATELY after the Red Republican *emeute*, led by Citizen Flourens, in Paris, on the 10th ult.—which resulted in the temporary imprisonment of General Trochu and members of the Provisional Government, and which *emeute*, or revolution, was quietly and good-naturedly put down by the National Guard liberating the imprisoned—a general review of the Guard was ordered. This review—a marching one—was held, as the engraving shows, in the Place de l'Hotel de Ville. The members of the Provisional Government were present, and were loudly and continuously cheered—a conclusive evidence to the factionists that the soldiery were in no humor for counter-revolutions.

### A PEEP AT PARIS.

The engraving shows Paris as it was seen by the artist from the roof of a dwelling-house that is in advance of the most advanced post of the Prussians. The artist writes that on stating his intention to the German officers quartered at the Chateau Meudon, the suburban residence of Prince Napoleon, he was politely provided with a patrol as guide and protector, and the party set out, descending the valley below the chateau toward the Seine, stooping and running past exposed places and dodging behind trees. Pleasure-grounds trampled out of all shape; dismal villas, deserted and sacked, staring with all their bare, empty windows as though they wondered what would happen next; cabbage-gardens and potato-fields which had been turned over and prodded and bereft of their produce, marked the country through which they passed. Finding the door of one of these villas invitingly open, the party ascended to the roof, and lying flat upon the leads, and peering round the corner of the skylight, found Paris spread before them. Fort Issy appeared about half a mile distant, the Seine within a stone's throw. One pontoon bridge was broken in the middle; beyond this was another; and then a third, over which a train was slowly crawling. Between this and



PRINCE AMADEUS FERDINAND MARIA, DUKE OF AOSTA AND KING-ELECT OF SPAIN.



a fourth bridge were the gunboats. Beyond lay Paris. There was the dome of the Invalides, the twin towers of Notre Dame, the tall spire of St. Sulpice—spires, domes, and towers everywhere, and a mass of roofs, with the indications of the well-known streets and gardens and places all apparently lying so near at hand that it seemed to the spectators as though they were actually within the fortifications. At the top of the picture appears a balloon, which, we believe, afterward fell within the Prussian lines, and supplied the besiegers with a file of Paris papers. It was a dangerous post to occupy, for the French sentinels are very sharp, and will almost fire at the tip of your finger if it is exposed; so the explorers had, of course, to keep very close—the escort in particular, as his "lightning-conductor" would have been a sure mark for the enemy's Chassepot, had the sun, as it threw its glow over the housetops of the beleaguered city, glared upon that shining beacon which the Prussian soldier bears upon his helmet. No such accident happened, however.

#### HER CHILD.

CHILD, turn your eyes to the ocean:

Look out over the waves,  
With a trace of that deep emotion  
We feel when we look on graves.

There, that is right! Your mother,  
So false, so cruel, so fair,  
Would look to-night as you're looking,  
Had she a heart to wear.

But she has no heart, and she cannot  
Feel for the hearts she broke,  
And the hopes she killed that her false face  
Into existence woke.

Child, I loved her! God only  
Knoweth the pain I felt  
When she laughed in my face, as, pleading  
For love, at her feet I knelt.

It was not so much for the sorrow,  
That a sweet hope drooped and died,  
As to know she was false, whom I counted  
Truer than all beside.

Had she a heart, she would tremble  
At the ruin she has wrought,  
And the ghost of dead hopes would haunt her,  
With a thousand memories fraught.

But she has no heart to shiver  
At the thought of things gone by;  
In some breasts love is a river,  
In hers 'twas a stream run dry.

God pity you, child, and make you  
To yourself and him so true,  
That no man may count you his ruin—  
There, go; she is calling you!

#### THE SILENT DETECTIVE.

##### CHAPTER I.

It was late on a dark and rainy night, in the autumn of the year 1865—memorable forever in the annals of America, and of the world—that the denizens of — street, below Bleecker—that region so unpleasantly familiar to the police reporters—were startled by a succession of agonized cries for "help," proceeding from the basement of one of the more respectable of the tenement-houses in which the population of that neighborhood are lived.

Old Madame Beaumont was the widow of a tolerably prosperous butcher, who had left her the owner of several tenement-houses, besides the one in which she had resided since his death, and she was generally understood to be anything else than poor, although she refused to put on aristocratic airs, or to "move up town."

Perhaps all this may have aided in producing the unusual tumult which followed the screams from Madame Beaumont's basement. Be this as it may, the tardy policeman, hard to find, as usual, who burst in the little door under the street stairway when at last he arrived upon the scene, was followed by a crowd of old and young disreputables, of all colors and races, which could hardly have been gathered by any ordinary disturbance in a locality so thoroughly accustomed to uproar.

It was a mere accident, of course, which had sent Mr. Maurice Marston home by such an out-of-the-way thoroughfare, but the natural instincts of a law student forbade him to refrain from taking a view of a scene which promised something more or less "in his line."

And so it was that Maurice Marston pressed forward with the policeman, and heel and toe together, with the unwashed, unkempt, and here and there half-dressed, which crowded through the mashed and battered doorway.

It was a fearful sight, indeed, which, so to speak, repaid their curiosity.

Proned on her back upon the floor, her long gray hair scattered wildly over the carpet, which her still flowing blood discolored, lay the portly body of what had been Madame Beaumont, the landlady of many score of — street tenants.

"Dead?"

"Yes, dead?"

The cries which had aroused the neighborhood had been her last, and yet the murder had evidently been one of haste rather than of premeditation, for the numerous gashes which disfigured the neck and bosom of the corpse were not such as would have been inflicted by an assassin who had calculated his work beforehand. Some of them were severe enough, but they were too many in number and bore too clear a record of sudden strife and a protracted struggle between parties very nearly equal in muscular power.

Maurice Marston's legal experience had hitherto been confined to weary hours over Blackstone, or spent in tedious pen-work in the copying of endless papers and documents, and this was the first time in his life that he had ever been brought face to face, not only with the crime

but with—it might possibly be—the evidences of crime, and, in spite of a very fair degree of self-esteem and assurance, he felt himself staggered—as if, to tell the truth, reality was too much for him. Still he preserved a very fair degree of self-possession; and, while his head fairly buzzed with disconnected reminiscences of reports of criminal cases and disjointed "points of evidence," he took a mental inventory of the scene, whose minuteness and correctness would have done credit to an old hand. In the rear of the house was an alleyway, connected by a passage with the room in which the murder had been committed, but when Marston and the policeman tried the door, it was found to be locked, and the key was in it on the outside, as if some fugitive had taken that means of baffling his pursuers. The policeman—an average "Metropolitan"—was about to batter the door down at once, but Marston held his hand while he took a quick survey of the little passage.

"What should I hold on for?" growled the man in blue.

"You can't catch up with him that way, and he may have left something behind him."

Even as he was speaking, Marston caught sight of a dingy yellow envelope on the floor, and he managed to pick it up and put it in his pocket while the "Metropolitan" was fumbling at the door. He felt sure he had "found something," and did not care, after that, what deeds of smashing the "man in blue" might perform, and so he left him to his own devices. Other members of the police force were now on hand, and Marston left the scene of the murder, with all its ghastly contents, in the possession of the "proper authorities," while he himself, in a very decided state of excitement, made the best of his way to the rooms of his friend Morton, the detective.

Not till he had chatted for full five minutes, trying meantime to get his own faculties into proper equilibrium, did Marston unfold to his astute acquaintance the occurrences of the evening.

"Where's the envelope?" said Morton.

"Here it is, and maybe there's nothing in it; but we'll try it on."

The envelope was not even sealed, and when its contents were thrown upon the table, there was nothing but a slip of paper and a very ordinary-looking "ace of spades." On the slip was written, in a bold, coarse hand:

"Half-a-dozen packs. Find them at No. — Nassau. Be particular. He'll give them to you on this order. Bring them to-morrow evening, and no fail, to No. 32. MAULEY."

"That don't seem to be much of a clue," said Marston.

"Don't it?" said his friend. "What more do you want?"

"Why, what can we do with it, and where the dickens is No. 32?"

"Do with it? Why, go and buy the cards. Trust me to find the particular 32. Don't you see they are marked cards, and that some game has been put up?"

"I don't understand."

"Why, this Mauley is evidently a gambler. Now, if he is the dealer at 32, he is marking a game to be played and won, against the bank, by the fellow who gets the marked cards; and we must go and work in his place until we get hold of the ropes."

"I see—or rather I don't see—but I'll go in with you and work it up."

"You'll have to buy the cards."

"Why?"

"I'm too well known."

"Well, I'll do it. Where will we meet to-morrow?"

"Lunch at Delmonico's at four, and then go up to 32."

"All right. Good-night. Four, sharp."

"Sharp, four."

And so they parted for the night, and Maurice Marston made his way home in no ordinary state of excitement over the prospects of his first criminal case.

##### CHAPTER II.

The next morning the newspapers were full of the mysterious murder on — street, and it was only too evident that, for the thousand and first time, the police authorities were thoroughly mystified and at fault. Maurice Marston read the reports, and then devoted himself to his office business as best he might until three o'clock. Then, easily excusing himself from further duty, he sauntered, with an air of assumed unconcern, into the well-known "sporting" establishment indicated in the "slip." Nor was he long in making up his mind as to which of several odd-looking characters in the room his business led him, and without waiting for any "introductory exercises," he quietly approached. Simply showing him the specimen card, he muttered, in a low tone, "Half-a-dozen."

A pair of keen black eyes, of a decidedly Jewish cast, glanced sharply into his own, but no word was spoken. Maurice, as quietly as before, opened the slip of paper so that the black eyes could peruse it.

"Oh, yes—I see; couldn't come himself. Lively times on Fourteenth street to-night, eh? Yes, yes. I'll put them up in a moment."

"All right. I'm in a bit of a hurry. How much?"

"Oh, you can't come that on me. My share, you know—no cash down to cut me out."

"Suits yourself—I don't care," said Maurice, as coolly as if he knew all about it, and didn't care.

A small, solid package was speedily made up for him; but the black-eyed man evidently had something on his mind, and he once more came forward and beckoned Maurice one side.

"How about this murder?"

"Of the old woman?" said Maurice.

"Yes. Won't he be suspected?"

"I reckon not. Why should he?"

"Well, her nephew, you know; and she

kept him. Of course I don't believe he did it; but then, you know, the police, and all that."

"Well, I was there when they came. They are all abroad. And ain't he lying still? He didn't even come for these, did he?"

"Do you know where he is?"

"Not just now; but if he needs anything here, I'm to come for it to-morrow. He seems to trust you."

"Well, he may. I've helped him out more than once. Will you be in to-morrow?"

"Yes, about two o'clock."

"All right; and let me know how you get through with this business of to-night."

"All straight. Good-day."

And so the young man stalked out of the sporting headquarters, congratulating himself hugely upon the success of his first experiment as a volunteer detective.

He and Morton had their dinner at Delmonico's, and the latter complimented his friend very highly upon the coolness and tact which he had displayed.

At about nine o'clock that evening, the two friends made their appearance at the number which answered, in the sporting calendar, to "32." In Fourteenth street, Morton's professional knowledge coming in to supply the deficiencies in Maurice's information. Nor was it at all difficult for the former to discover the precise party to whom the package of cards was to be delivered. The fact is, that there is a great deal in being "in the biz."

"Couldn't come himself?"

"Of course not," said Morton. And, by-the-way, this gentleman was now a far different looking personage from the dapper youth whom Maurice had conferred with on the previous evening; he looked, indeed, very much more like a plain, elderly New Jersey farmer.

The individual with whom he was conversing was the *beau idéal* of a New York gambler and fast man.

"I don't deal till twelve, but you can go ahead, all the same, now that the decks are square; but will Birney be here to-night?"

"I think not, but he may come in."

"All right; go ahead. When I saw the papers this morning I reckoned he'd have to keep shady."

And so Morton sat down at the faro-table, and set himself as regularly at work, to all appearances, as if he had been the genuine Simon Pure, while Maurice, utterly ignorant of the game, and only able to see that his friend was experiencing a very marvelous run of luck, loafed nervously in and out of the well-lighted and luxuriously-furnished rooms.

As the evening went on, however, every minute grew to the proportions of an hour, and Maurice hardly knew what to do with himself, secretly envying the iron composure of his associate, who sat so unconcernedly at the card-table.

His share was to come, however, for, as he leaned listlessly against the doorpost of the door leading into the entry, the bell rang sharply, and, in obedience to a whispered summons to the sable Cerberus, the same sharp-looking "dealer" who had received the cards from Morton came out to meet a somewhat flurried and excited new arrival. Maurice did not care to avoid overhearing their sharply-whispered conversation.

"Couldn't help it, but I lost your note and the memorandum. I ain't to blame, or the cards would have been here in time."

"I don't understand. Your friend brought them up all right, and he's playing the game now up to the handle."

"My friend?"

"Yes; he brought them an hour ago. There he sits now."

Maurice had changed his position so that he had a fair view of the new-comer—a tall, thin, flashily-dressed young man, but now ashy pale, and trembling as if in an ague fit. There was no time to speak to Morton, who seemed utterly absorbed in the fortunes of his game of faro, and so Maurice capped the climax of his coolness as a volunteer detective by stepping forward and laying his hand familiarly on the shoulder of the "new arrival."

"Well, old fellow, glad you've come. Everything's all right; just come in with me, and see how we're working it."

Like a man in a dream, or, rather, like a piece of irresponsible machinery, the man obeyed him, and in a moment more they were standing, arm in arm, behind the chair where Morton was sitting, and even Maurice Marston comprehended that his friend was reading the game from the several cards as they came up, though on what principle was not so clear, and making his bets accordingly. He touched him lightly, then harder and harder, until Morton was compelled to turn from his game, but, to Maurice's astonishment, he only whispered:

"They are going to change the deck; you and Birney wait a few minutes."

Birney looked at Maurice with an expression of utter bewilderment upon his haggard countenance; but he waited, with the patience of a sheep, until the game was played out, and, as Morton had predicted, an entirely different pack of cards was placed in the box.

Morton then "passed in his checks," receiving therefor a conspicuously plethoric stack of greenbacks, and leisurely strolled back through the rooms with Maurice and Birney. Hardly were they once more out of earshot of the crowd, before Birney began, in a stammering and trembling tone of voice, to say:

"Well, now, I don't quite understand all this—"

"Now, don't be a fool," said Morton. "Of course you don't understand it. You and Maurice come down to my room with me, and we'll make it all plain."

Birney took Maurice's arm, and they followed the cool detective to the street and entered a close carriage which seemed to have been waiting for them. No directions were given to the driver, but the carriage whirled away.

A few minutes, that were very long to Maurice, and then, almost to his astonishment,

the vehicle pulled up, in front of the — Street Police Station.

Birney made a fruitless attempt at an escape, swore a little, turned white, and finally surrendered himself quietly to the men in blue, and was duly locked up on the charge of having murdered Madame Beaumont.

That accomplished, Maurice and his friend re-entered the same carriage and rode away—this time toward the rooms of the latter. Hardly a word was spoken until they found themselves once more safely housed, and then Maurice's pent-up curiosity broke forth.

"You don't believe he did it?"

"Well, yes, I rather do."

"But you can't prove it?"

"If the case was mine, I think I could."

"But what will you do?"

"Divide."

"Divide what?"

"Why, I gobbled the bank for five thousand on those cards, and half is yours for putting up the job."

"But what is to be done with Birney?"

"Oh, I've done my duty, and so have you. Don't be righteous over-much, or worry yourself about New York justice. They'll make an awful fuss, maybe, and the lawyers will get their fees, but that's all."

"Won't anybody be convicted?"

"Perhaps—accidents will happen—but, as long as the cash holds out, and a man has friends enough, New York justice won't hurt him. Birney will be free and in possession of old Ma'am Beaumont's estate inside of ninety days."

"But what are we to do?"

"Keep what we've made, and steer clear of the trial. I'm off for Chicago."

"But he's the murderer."

"It does look that way; but take my advice, let the matter take its own course, keep your own counsel, get admitted to the bar, and your fortune's made, for you've got a criminal connection."

"Is that the way it's done?"

"Just the way."

And Maurice took the advice given, and is now a power in the city.

#### AN EXCEEDINGLY LOW STORY.

LITTLE MARTIN was son and heir to Tom Cox, rag and bottle merchant, Whitechapel Lane, Pimlico. His home was dark and dirty, and smelt abominably; and his father was an easy, careless man, whose heart, in fact, lay in The Man in the Moon, round the corner, though his treasure consisted of rags and bottles. The boy soon attracted attention by his marvelous power of telling stories. He not merely roused the admiration of his lane, but of the whole street, and all the courts in the neighborhood, and quickly became a very distinguished person in his set. The children fixed upon a day once a week, when they could meet to hear him, and called them "happy Saturdays." They gathered together in a yard behind the shop, rather more dirty, but decidedly less dark. All the rubbish they heaped to one end, which formed a throne for Martin. The stipulation was, every member should supply his own means of accommodation. The generality brought baskets, which they turned upside down to sit upon; but the aristocracy of the company, such as The Man in the Moon's daughter, if she deigned to come, brought wooden stools. Little Martin accepted his honors very composedly, being disquieted neither by vanity nor self-consciousness. He narrated his stories without comment or digression; his style was terse and vigorous, and his gravity immovable. Sometimes unconsciously he stood up, which added to the impressiveness of his manner. When he came to the end, he announced it simply by saying, "That's done!" and the children rose with a sigh, to look forward to next Saturday, carried off their baskets, and dispersed.

One Christmas Day he received a public testimony of gratitude in an old tin sardine-box. They had got up a subscription privately for him. The sum amounted to sevenpence—one penny, three halfpennies, and the rest in farthings. It was a grand day. The court was crowded, and Bill Harper, the pawnbroker's son, volunteered a speech as he presented the tin sardine-box to Martin. He had not got beyond "Me and the others," before the children broke out into cheers, and applauded everybody in general for nothing in particular, uproariously. Martin behaved nobly. He set down threepence-halfpenny, then and there, for refreshments; and they had a real carousal of the nicest dainties the sweet-shop in the lane could afford. After it was over, there was a dead silence, and Martin told his story. The only mistake he committed was, that he made them cry instead of laugh, which sent them home grumbling just a little.

Oyster-Monday, as is well known, is one of the pet days in the calendar to anybody who has interest in the oyster line. Little Martin had looked forward to it all the year; had pounced upon oyster-shells in and out of season; had hoarded and cherished them in the very dirtiest corner of his dirty den. Next to becoming Lord Mayor, he could conceive no greater delight than being the possessor of a magnificent oyster-grotto. Every day he counted them; at night he dreamt of them, and when he awoke in the morning, arranged them like a puzzle in his mind. The day came at last, dull and foggy; but, to his unbounded relief, dry. As he assisted his father in the rag and bottle business, he could give nothing but his thoughts to his oyster-shells until the afternoon. Then he hastened to the dirty hole, and carrying them lovingly across the street, laid them under the lamp-post. Just as he was passing out with his second load, a woman called over the stairs.

"Poor Tim," she said, "can't get a wink of



sleep. His back and head are awful, and there's no quieting him. He says nothing will do him a bit of good, unless it be little Martin. Do come! Can you?"

Martin's face fell. He liked going up on any day but Oyster-Monday. He let his load drop on the floor.

"I can't," answered he, with rather suspicious alacrity; then added sharply, "I've business to see to."

"Do come!" urged she, "if it's only for a minute. I don't know what to do. He is so bad!"

It was a trying moment. There were oysters on the one hand, and duty on the other. Martin heaved a deep sigh.

"Well," said he, relenting, "tell him I'll come—directly."

"Thank you!" cried the woman, heartily, and was gone.

Martin stooped to pick up his scattered treasures, with a very lugubrious face, and carried them back to their corner; then he ran into the cobbler's room next door.

"Bob!" he called, "come here;" and, drawing the boy outside, he pointed significantly to the beloved pile under the lamp-post. "Look!" he whispered; "them's mine—every one of 'em—and I've to leave 'em to go up to Tim." Then, looking earnestly at him, he added, emphatically, "Mind 'em for me."

Bob fully understood the enormous responsibility of the charge. He nodded with great gravity, and his face said: "You may rely upon me."

Martin ran up, if not satisfied, at least resigned. Tim was lying back on the pillows, wan and suffering.

"Shut the door," said he, when he saw Martin, "and come here." Then seizing hold of both his hands in his two wasted ones, "Now!" exclaimed he, triumphantly, "I've got you!" and the tone added, "and I don't intend to let you go."

The other climbed on the rumpled bed with a sigh. From the rickety window in front he looked straight down on his oyster-shells under the lamp-post, and he sighed again. It was hard.

Tim fixed his great eyes on him. "Please," said he, wistfully, "don't turn your head that way. Look at me."

Martin did so.

"Now," said the little boy, "begin."

"There was a woman," said Martin, bravely, "who kept a truck at the corner of the street, and—she gave a great gulp—"sold oysters. She had a son Jack, and a brown umbrella. On dry days she beat him with the handle-end. Oh, my!" said he, feelingly, "how she did beat! When it was wet, she carried it away, and left him with the truck and oysters. He didn't mind the beatings much, being used to them; but what he did mind was when the raindrops got between his collar and neck, and ran down his back like so many fishes. One day it poured dreadful, and she shook her great red fist in his face, and said, 'You mind and have 'em sold by night, or I'll murder you!' and then went away. His coat was wet through, and his trousers, and his head, for he hadn't a hat. He would have cried, but that it was no use, for the rain lay on his cheeks thicker than tears; and his eyes were so full of water, he couldn't even see to count his oysters. So he sat, and shivered and shook, with his feet in the mud; but whether it was the look of him that the people didn't fancy, or his oysters, not a soul stepped up to buy."

"Just opposite was a cook-shop, with beef and pudding in the window. Jack watched the men go in hungry and come out full. Whenever he saw the young lady stretch out her arm for the sliced pudding, he said in his heart, 'Please, miss, give it to me—please, miss, give it to me,' but of course she could not hear him. At last he got so tired of shivering and shaking, with his feet in the mud, that he leant his head against the truck and shut his eyes; and he dreamt he had a plate of beef and two hot potatoes on his knee. All the time he kept saying, 'Poor Jack, you're only dreaming, dreaming, dreaming!' but still he went on, for you see it was pleasanter to dream than to be awake. Suddenly, he jumped up with a start. Though he stared and stared, he couldn't see either the truck or the oysters; they were gone—clean gone. He ran about in a great fright, asking everybody if they had seen them; but the people drew back from him, he dripped so. He rushed up and down the street, and peeped into the shops. The p'leasant man said, a man had passed with a truck half an hour ago, but he couldn't take on himself to say it was his. There was no use asking, nor looking—it was gone. Jack sat down and cried, and cried, 'for,' he thought, 'mother said she'd murder me!' He was horribly afraid to go back, and the nearer the time came, the more frightened he grew. At last there was no help for it; so he got up crying, and ran along the dark street, and turned down the lane into the court, still crying. But when he came to the house he stopped, lest she should hear him. After sitting down on the stairs a minute—he was shaking awfully—he crawled up and opened the door softly. The room was rather dark; but he saw his mother sitting at the table with a bottle and a cup, and a man he didn't know at the other side.

"So," says she, in a sleepy, coaxing tone, "is that you, my dove? Come and see your uncle, my little lamb. Samival, here's your neevy Jack," said she, turning to the man.

"Oh, mother," broke out Jack, "it's gone! It's gone! Some one's been and taken it!"

"She turned to him with an awful face.

"What's gone?" cried she. "You don't dare to say—"

"Jack was growing so dizzy he scarcely seemed to be afraid. He looked up at her quite bravely.

"Yea," said he, his teeth chattering, "the truck's gone, and the oysters is gone, and there's nothing left but the basket I was sitting

upon; and I—I—haven't so much as a farthing to give you."

"She flew at him, swearing dreadfully. Jack crouched in the corner, and put his arms over his head. He heard the man jump up suddenly, and call out 'Stop!'"

"Now," he thought, "now's the time. I'm going to be murdered." But he felt so dizzy and queer, that he really didn't seem to care. She had seized hold of the bottle, and stood with her arm raised to throw it at him. When he saw it coming he huddled down against the wall, shuddering, with his hands before his eyes, but he never felt it hit him. All of a sudden he forgot she was after him, forgot the truck and oysters as was gone, forgot the cook-shop and his dream of beef and two hot potatoes. He didn't even remember that he was cold and starving, soaked through and horribly frightened. When he opened his eyes, there was the blue sky straight before him. He was lying on his back in a cart, with some hay under him; the man that drove was the same he had seen with his mother. He lifted his head, and looking about, saw green fields, and the two hedges jogging on alongside with the cart. The smell of the grass was beautiful. Then he felt back all of a daze, and shut his eyes.

"Poor Jack," he sighed, "you're only dreaming, dreaming, dreaming!"

"Why, young un," cried the man, stopping whistling, "you're ashr, are you? How do you feel?"

"Thank ye, sir," said Jack, "if it wasn't for my back and head and legs, and that I can't move noways, and don't feel right anyhow, I'd be pretty comfortable, thank ye, sir."

"Hum!" said the man; and he stuck his hands into his pockets, and staring straight ahead at his horse, took to whistling again. Jack looked hard at him, beginning from the top, and coming down slowly to his spotted cotton neckercher.

"Please, sir," he asked, half afraid, "where am I?"

"Why, little un," said the man, "on the 'Amptstead Road, of course, 'alf a mile from The Three Bells."

"And please, sir," whispered Jack, "where are we off to?"

"Why, stoopid, home, to be sure!" cried the man, merrily, turning sharp round on him; and, he said, slapping his knees, with a loud laugh, "my old woman isn't the Sarah I take her to be, if she don't say, 'Well done, Sam Hicks, milkman, you're a sharp un, you are!'"

"Jack lay back not a bit less dazed. He couldn't noways make out what had become of himself. Yet, though his head and legs sang out awfully, he liked being there; and though the jogging of the cart jogged straight through his bones, he felt happy."

"Sir," said he, very low, after thinking a long while, "please tell me, am I murdered?"

"Very like it, little un," said the man.

"Ah," sighed Jack again, to himself, "you know you're only dreaming, dreaming, dreaming."

"For, you see, the wind was blowing nice and fresh over his face, and the smell of the grass was beautiful. All of a sudden he could bear it no longer."

"Please, sir," he called out quickly, "wake me up! wake me up!"

"The man laid down the reins and whip, and turning sharp on him, clapped his hands loudly before his eyes till he winked."

"Hallo, Jack!" shouted he.

"But it was no good. Jack felt just as happy and just as dazed as before, and all he could do was to shut his eyes, and lie still until he should wake. When he looked up again the cart had stopped, and there was a woman looking at him with two tears rolling down her cheeks. The man was gone."

"Poor little dear," cried she, wiping her eyes with her apron. "I'm going to carry you in, but," said she, "you needn't trouble to tell me not to hurt you, for I'll lift you as nicely as possible—I will. There now, just you see."

"So she took him in her arms, and laid his head on her shoulder, and carried him into the kitchen, while Jack tried his best not to cry out. She set him in a big soft chair, with red flowers all over it. He saw a blazing fire, and a cat, and a painted tea-tray set up against the wall; but everything seemed to be running a race, one after the other, round the room."

"Bless your little heart," said the woman, "do you think it would hurt very much if I were to give you one kiss? I'll do it ever so gently."

"Jack raised his face at once."

"Please, ma'am," said he.

"She bent down and kissed him, not only on the mouth, but on the cheeks and forehead and hair, and all over, and Jack thought he had never felt anything so nice before. When she had done he felt back on the pillow."

"Thank ye, ma'am," said he, which set her wiping her eyes with her apron again. Then she fetched a little blue plate, with a slice of brown bread and honey, and a cup of milk.

"Just you eat a bit," she said. "You'll feel all the better for it."

"Oh, ma'am," cried Jack, sadly, "can't you punch me on the head hard to wake me? I'd really much rather wake now."

"Never you mind," said she, gently. "You take a bite, and it'll make you a different creature."

"So he tasted the bread and honey, and it was delicious; and he drank up the milk, and it was delicious; and when he had finished, the chairs and tables and dishes had stopped running round him. She lifted him again in her arms, and laid him on the bed in the next room. As they were passing through, he put his mouth to her ear."

"I think, ma'am," he couldn't help whispering, "that if you was to murder me I should like it."

"As soon as his head was down on the pillow—

"Suppose," said she, "I was to leave the

kitchen-door open, and you shut your eyes and had a sleep. Wouldn't it be nice?"

"Jack shook his head. He had hold of her hands very tight."

"What would the little dear like?" asked she sweetly. "What would you like me to do? Say it out." The tears were running down Jack's face.

"Don't go," sobbed he; "please don't go!" and then he whispered, "Will you sit by me, and keep fast hold of my hands, so?"

"That I will!" said she heartily.

"And," said he, very low, "may—I—ask—you—to—say, over and over again, 'Poor Jack, you aren't dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,' that I may hear it the last thing as I fall asleep, and the first thing when I wake up again—will you?"

"No, no, poor Jack!" she answered at once, "you aren't dreaming, dreaming, dreaming!"

Little Martin stopped.

"And say," said Tim earnestly, raising his eager face, "he never did wake to find it a dream, did he?"

"No," said Martin solemnly, "never. 'Cause, you see, it was all true, really true."

"Of course it was," retorted Tim, as if indignant at the supposition—"of course it was."

And then he murmured in a tone of relief, "No more oysters to mind, Jack. No more sitting with your feet in the mud. Oh, I'm so glad!"

Tim's mother had slipped in for the last part of the story, and stood at the foot of the bed.

"How do you feel?" asked she.

"Why," said the child drowsily, "now that I know for certain Jack's appy and gone to sleep, and that he isn't going to be murdered any more with a bottle, nor beat with the handle of the brown umbrella, I think I should like to go to sleep too."

"First say, 'Thank you, Little Martin,'" said his mother. But there was not the smallest need of the injunction. He had dragged Martin's face down to his.

"Kiss me, dear Martin!" he said; "and oh, don't be very long in coming up again! I do get so tired of listening for you!"

"I'll come soon," said Martin. "Good-by, Tim."

He ran down the stairs. Bob stood at the foot waiting for him, looking important and mysterious. Martin had only one thought, one anxiety.

"My oysters?" he inquired tremulously.

The other screwed up his lips, and nodded. "Step round here a minute, will you?" said he; and they walked into the back court.

There were a group of children round a magnificently-piled oyster-grotto—such a grotto as you dream of, but that rarely comes across you in real life.

"Here's Martin!" called out Bob.

The children rushed up to him.

"It's for you! It's for you!" shouted they in a deafening chorus. "Oh, Martin, it's for you! Did you guess we were making it for you? Ain't it a beauty, now?"

Martin turned very red. He was quite unprepared for the shock. He stepped close up to it, and bending down, examined it with the eye of a connoisseur.

"There ain't no doubt," said he, nodding his head decisively, "that it is a beauty!"

"And it's for you!" exclaimed the children, "really for you! We got it for you!"

Martin eyed them and his oysters a moment in silence. Then he took off his cap, and waved it rapturously over his head.

"Hurrah!" shouted he, dancing frantically round it—"Hurrah!"

And the shout was taken up by the assembled company, and echoed and re-echoed through half the dirty lanes and courts of Pimlico. Oh, it was a happy Oyster-Monday!

## THE GRAND FRENCH BAZAAR.

FOLLOWING close upon the fair instituted by the German ladies of New York for the relief of suffering within the German lines, occasioned by the war, the daughters of France inaugurated, on the evening of the 15th, in the armory of the Seventy-first Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., a similar enterprise. It would be indelicate to draw comparisons between the two fairs, both being held for purposes calling out national patriotism and general sympathy. The ladies, in both instances, labored hard to make the occasions pleasant successes, and in their efforts they received the heartiest support and encouragement from American residents.

On entering the central room from the stairway, a decidedly lively, agreeable and suggestive scene opened upon the visitor. The walls, windows and doors were profusely decorated with red, white and blue bands, the colors of the once fair France and progressive America touched each other in graceful folds, while rosettes, evergreens and shields bearing national devices met the eye at almost every glance. In conspicuous positions, ornamented with rich taste, and bountifully supplied with articles of great beauty and value, stood large circular stands, divided into four stalls. At the point where the partitions met, and high above the heads of the throng, stood elegant vases filled with rare and sweet flowers. Counters ran along the sides of the rooms, laden with valuable gifts from sympathetic friends, and presided over by smiling daughters of "La Belle France."

In the centre of the second room stood the most prominent feature of the fair, if we may attempt discrimination, and the object of general and deserved admiration—the floral stand. It was erected in the form of a temple, its Corinthian columns made of evergreens, and each dark alcove revealing a marble statuette. The outer colonnade rested on the table surrounding the whole work, and between these pillars appeared the beaming faces of the fair inmates, offering the most delightful nosegays to generous patrons.

The hall in which the picture-gallery was located was decorated with bands of red, white and green, while shields bearing the "Harp of Green Erin" were placed above the entrance and at various points along the walls—an acknowledgment of the sympathy manifested by the sons of Ireland with the French in this hour of their great misfortune.

The art gallery was tastefully fitted up, and contained a large and attractive collection of oil paintings. The revenue derived from this feature was quite large—an extra charge of twenty-five cents being asked for admission. The post-office was really an attractive place, and for some reason, best known to the young ladies and gentlemen present, was continually surrounded by anxious folks with pocketbooks in hand. The supper-room was a cozy place, and received good patronage, as, in strict truth, did every department of the fair. Company A of the Fifty-fifth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y. acted as guard of honor during the inauguration evening, and the Fort Hamilton band led the musical exercises. The Hon. Henry Alder, Judge of the Marine Court, presided, and M. Victor Place, Consul-General of France, made the first address, which was followed by an eloquent speech from Richard O'Gorman, Esq.

We are glad to record the success of this enterprise from the opening evening. The attendance has been very large, at times putting a total check to promenading, and the sale of articles has been encouragingly rapid.

## PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

The health of Chief-Justice Chase is rapidly improving.

SANTA ANNA is negotiating for a residence on the Hudson.

PRESIDENT GRANT is hard at work on his annual message.

OLE BULL and his accomplished wife were in New York last week.

EDWARD YATES and Anthony Trollope are both English post officials.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT is to have a monument erected to his memory by the Loyal Legion.

LORD LORNE in full is simple John George Edward Henry Douglass Sutherland Campbell.

PROFESSOR EDWARD W. ROOT, of Hamilton College, New York, died on the 15th inst., aged 29.

ALDERMAN THOMAS DAKIN is the new Lord Mayor of London. He was a successful merchant.

THE REV. DR. HOWARD CROSBY was installed as Chancellor of the University of New York on the 17th.

THE Archbishop of Paris has given his parishioners a dispensation to eat horse-meat on fast-days.

GENERAL PRIM, under fear of assassination, has redoubled the plans looking to his personal safety.

MISS HOLLAND, of Philadelphia, has left a legacy of \$15,000 to the Woman's Missionary Union of that city.

PRINCE AMADEUS of Italy, who was elected King of Spain on Thursday last, is only twenty-five years of age.

THE Emperor Napoleon's papers reveal the fact that the Prince Imperial's baptism cost a trifle over \$180,000.

EDWARD FALCONER, a well-known dramatist, is suffering with paralysis in London, and is not expected to live.

QUEEN VICTORIA has contributed liberally to the fund for the relief of sufferers by the loss of the iron-clad Captain.

GENERAL SHERMAN has been presented with a gold medal by the associated veterans of the Mexican war, of California.

JOHN M. MCKINNEY has been appointed Judge of the United States District Court in the Southern District of Florida.

GENERAL VON ROON, the Prussian Minister of War, is a severe sufferer by the war, several relatives having been killed.

THE PRINCESS LOUISA of Hesse (Alice of England), is suffering from ophthalmia, caught while attending wounded soldiers.

MINNIE HUNTOON, of Huntoon County, Ind., was struck dumb while singing in church, and has not been able to speak since.

SIR FRANCIS LYETT offers \$250,000, if the Westeyan Conference will raise an equal amount, to build fifty chapels in London.

HON. JAMES F. WILSON, of Iowa, who has declined three Cabinet offices, is serving his people at home as Supervisor of Roads.

CAPTAIN LEWIS, of the Galveston (Tex.) Custom-house, lost his wife and four children by the recent sinking of the Varuna.

JOHN, the new Russian-Greek Archbishop of North America, recently of St. Petersburg, has taken up his residence in New York.

THE REV. WILLIAM FLOYD, an Anglican clergyman of Melbourne, Australia, has volunteered a residence among the Feejee Islanders.

REMOR had it last week that Napoleon was to reside permanently in the Chateau Aramborg, in the Canton of Thurgovid, Switzerland.

HON. WILLIAM H. BLAKE, one of the distinguished jurists of Canada, died on the 15th. He had held many important public positions.

THE nuptials of Princess Louisa of England and Lord Lorne are to be celebrated during the first week in February next, at Windsor Castle.

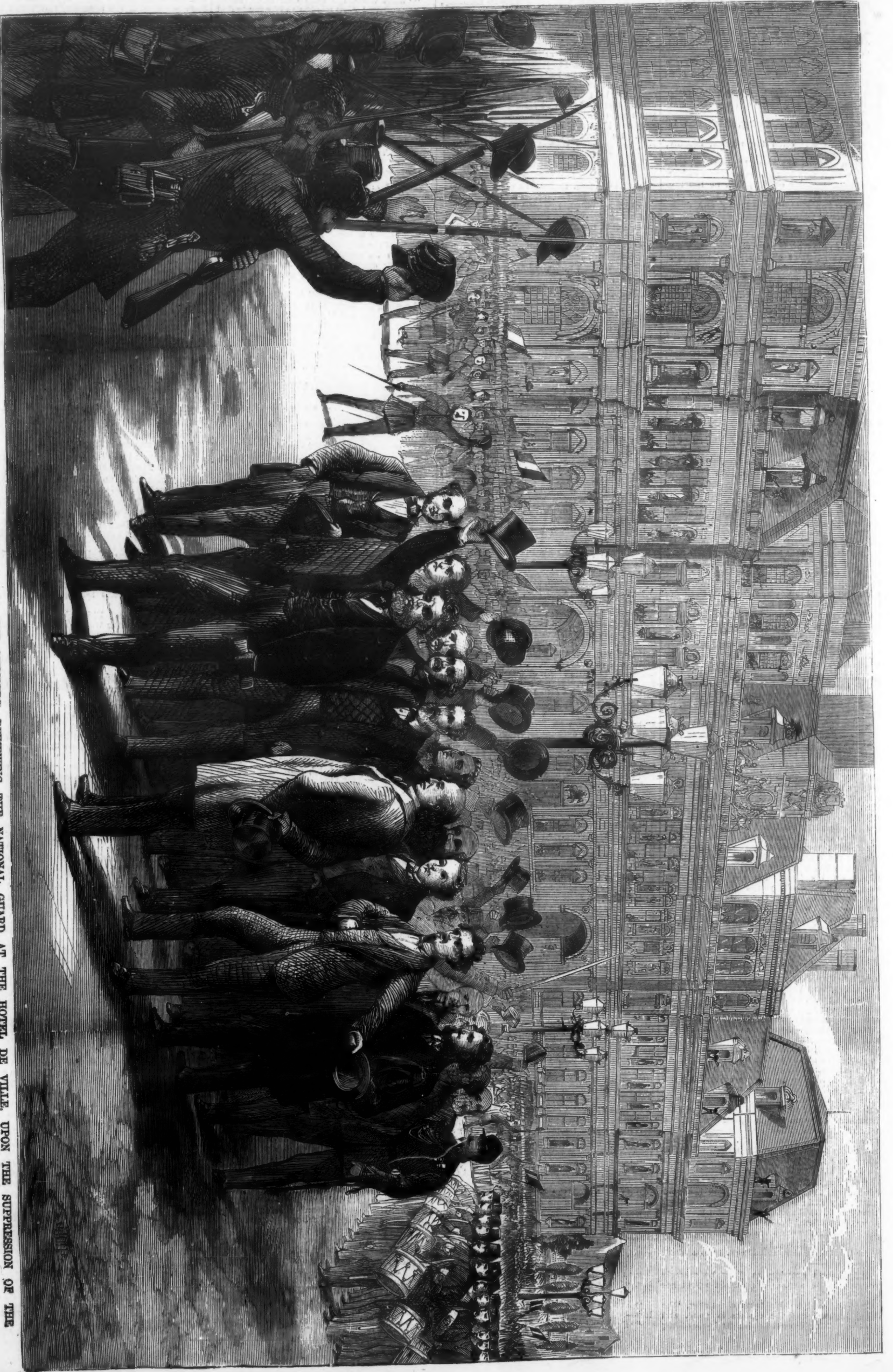
ANOTHER celebrity of the Imperial Court has joined the circle assembled at Brussels—Princess Metternich, wife of the ex-ambassador of Austria.

THE King and Queen of Sweden visited Copenhagen to witness the baptism of the infant son of their daughter Louisa, the Princess Royal of Denmark.

MR. A. J. MUNDELLA, of the British Parliament, whose recent tour through the United States has attracted so much attention, took his departure for England on the 16th.

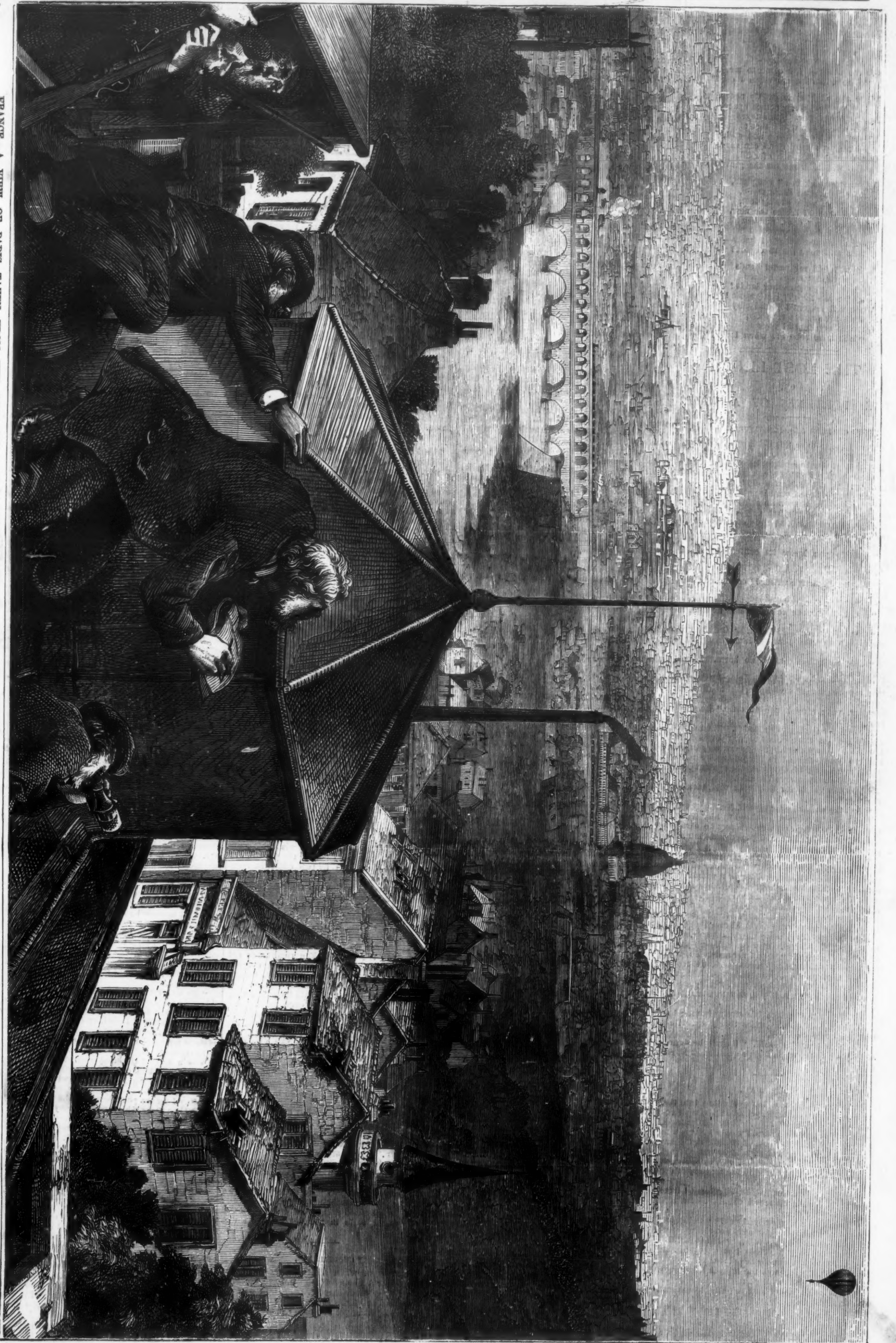
We are glad to record the success of the "Public Ledger," the great commercial paper of Philadelphia. It has lately been enlarged, in order to meet the demands made upon its columns by the advertisers, a sure test of influence and progress. Its proprietor, Mr. G. W. Childs, is one of the representative men of the age.





FRANCE.—INSIDE PARIS—THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT (WITH ACCURATE PORTRAITS OF THE MEMBERS) REVIEWING THE NATIONAL GUARD AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE, UPON THE SUPPRESSION OF THE INSURRECTION OF THE RED REPUBLICANS.—See Page 186.





FRANCE.—A VIEW OF PARIS TAKEN FROM THE ROOF OF A VILLA IN ADVANCE OF THE MOST ADVANCED POST OF THE PRUSSIAN CORPS D'ARMEE ENCAMPED AT VERSAILLES AND IN THE WOOD OF MEUDON.—SEE PAGE 185.



## WHEN I DIE.

OFTEN when I am alone,  
Thinking of the "things unseen"—  
Things to our eyes never shown,  
Hidden by the veil between  
This world and Eternity,  
To be lifted by-and-by—  
Of the thought has come to me,  
"Who will robe me when I die?"

When the night-time swiftly nears,  
And my last sleep comes apace,  
And the mourners' bitter tears  
Fall above my dying face;  
When I pass out, white and still,  
Where no mortal hand can save,  
Out beyond the reach of skill,  
Who will robe me for the grave?

When my work is all complete,  
And I have no more to do,  
And I pass, with willing feet,  
From the old life to the new,  
While my dear ones, numb with woe,  
Weep above my pulseless heart,  
Who, of all the friends I know—  
Who will robe me to depart?

Who will fold my pallid hands  
On my quiet bosom? close  
Eyes that gaze on other lands?  
Clothe me for my last repose?  
When soft fingers toy and play  
With my tresses tenderly,  
Often to my heart I say:  
"Will these robe me when I die?"

## THE LOST LINK;

OR,

## THE FORTUNES OF A WAIF.

## CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED).

"AND I am to have this old lawyer at dinner, am I?" growled Geoffrey, as he learned from Mark that it was in contemplation for Mr. Selwyn to honor Dacre Abbey with another visit on that day. "Is Sir Rupert mad?"

Mark drew a note from his pocket. "I have a commission to give you this, Mr. Geoffrey," he said; "but only on one condition, that you tear it up the instant you have read it, and without asking the name of the writer."

"And do you know its contents?" asked Geoffrey.

"I do not," was the reply. "Do you know the writer?" continued Geoffrey.

"I do," Mr. Geoffrey.

"Am I to promise to act on it?" he said, in his deep, quick tones.

"Certainly not," said Mark. "Only to preserve perfect secrecy, on your honor as a gentleman, in any event."

"Well, well, that can do no harm. There, give it me."

"On your honor, Mr. Geoffrey, you will destroy it in my presence?" said Mark, still holding the paper.

"Yes, yes; give it me at once," he said, eagerly snatching it.

Mark half reluctantly yielded it. Then Geoffrey Dacre tore it open, and rapidly perused the few lines it contained. They were very brief; but the blood flushed to his face as he read. Again and again he devoured the contents, till they were stamped into his mind.

"You can vouch for this?" he said, turning abruptly to Mark.

"For the writer as for myself, Mr. Geoffrey."

Again Geoffrey devoured those words. Then, with a sort of lingering reluctance, he slowly and thoughtfully tore the paper into minute pieces.

"There," he said, "there; my engagement so far is fulfilled, Mark. Tell the writer of that production that I must consider on it; but I feel inclined to believe and trust its information, since it agrees with my own convictions. Now go. I may perhaps need you again, when you leave Sir Rupert to his sleep. It will be the time then for me to give my final decision."

Geoffrey wandered away into the woods, as if to think undisturbed. "It is a risk—a fearful risk," he muttered. "Shall I venture? Yet the reverse—if that little document speaks the truth—is far more terrible, more hopeless. Pshaw! shall Geoffrey Dacre turn coward, frightened at his own shadow? And yet, how to manage it. It is too sudden."

A shiver ran through his strong frame; he walked on hastily, his pulses throbbing. But then the conflict ceased.

"If it is true," he said, "it shall be done. It shall be done, when I have questioned Mark once more."

## CHAPTER XII.

It was evening, and fast deepening into the thick darkness of night, yet still the lawyer returned not to Dacre Abbey. Then the darkness became yet more intense, for a heavy storm was gathering. Distant peals of thunder and occasional flashes of lightning, with furious blasts of wind, betokened its approach. Seldom had such a storm been remembered in the memory of the oldest servant of Dacre Abbey.

No wonder that Geoffrey Dacre returned from a long ride with blanched cheeks and a wild glance in his eyes.

"Isn't Mr. Selwyn arrived yet?" was his first question on his return, ere his wet clothes were taken from him by his valet. "Is not Mr. Selwyn come yet?" was his last query ere he sought his apartment for the night.

"No, Mr. Dacre," was the reply in both cases; and his comment had been:

"It is to be hoped that he has not ventured out on such a night."

The same question was eagerly asked by Sir Rupert when Mark brought him his light green-

ing refreshment, and when Mark supported him to his room:

"Is Mr. Selwyn come?"  
The reply was, "He is not, Sir Rupert."  
"Let some one sit up; let lights be kept burning," was his command. "It may be that he has taken shelter; and it is right that all precaution and assistance should be afforded him in such a night."

Of course the orders were obeyed: but in vain.

Hours passed on in the following morning. Sir Rupert's impatience grew every moment more ungovernable. Either his solicitor was unpardonably remiss, or some accident had occurred. There could be no alternative in the explanation of such a mystery.

It was with extreme difficulty that his attendant could prevail on Sir Rupert to delay a peremptory message to the missing lawyer till late in the afternoon; then, when no further explanations could be given of his absence, and the mystery thickened, messengers were dispatched simultaneously to his house and to New Castle, the Assize town. The first-mentioned quickly returned with the half-expected information that Mr. Selwyn had left home on the previous day, about six in the evening, and had not yet arrived at his house, but that he was momentarily expected. About half an hour afterward the other envoy returned, with the far more startling and appalling intelligence that the lawyer had not been heard of; that great astonishment, and some confusion, had been excited at the Assizes by his absence. There was a general sensation in the household at the news, and on Sir Rupert the effect was electrical—his dark face grew leaden pale as he heard it.

"He is dead," he said, in a feeble voice—"he is dead. I know the man. If he had been living he would have kept his appointments."

"Perhaps he took shelter from the storm," suggested Mark.

"The storm did not continue this morning," said Sir Rupert. "I tell you, the man is dead. Send out trusty persons in search of him, Mark—at once. Do you hear?"

"It shall be done, Sir Rupert," said Mark, and at least half a dozen of the Abbey servants were dispatched on the search.

Two hours or more had elapsed, and Sir Rupert had repeatedly asked for his son; but Geoffrey had gone out shooting long ere the baronet had left his room. Sir Rupert's irritable nerves were strained to the utmost as time went on. No wonder, then, that he was the first to hear the low tramp of distant feet—that he was first to catch a sound of horrified surprise that came nearer and nearer to the Abbey.

"I knew it, I knew it," he said. "Mark, quick! go down and see; quick!"

Mark vanished—quickly returned, his face calmly grave and pale.

"Speak!" was the imperious command.

"Mr. Selwyn, Sir Rupert, has had some accident; he is—"

"Dead!" repeated the old man hoarsely. "I knew it. Now, speak! Where are the papers?—the papers, I say!"

"I learned no particulars, save that he had been found under the old elm grove at the entrance of the wood leading to the park, and that he had evidently been dead some hours. I presume he had been struck by the lightning; but I will soon bring you all the information that can be procured."

"Sir Rupert nodded; his lips seemed to cleave together. He could scarcely move his tongue. Still his brain was working with unnatural activity, and his eyes glared with their intensest fire on the retreating figure of Mark.

The secretary (for such seemed Mark's most fitting title) hastily took his way to the dining-room, to which the body had been conveyed; his lips were firmly compressed, and yet a faint sound came from between his teeth as he hurried to the spot. The word uttered, too faintly to be fully understood, had a listener been near, breathed like "Murder" in its indistinct murmur.

Mark reached the crowded room. On the large dining-table lay the body of the unfortunate lawyer, his face fixed and pale in death—his form stiff and rigid, as if long exposure to the atmosphere had hastened the work of the elements; but not a trace of violence was on the body, not a stain of blood, to tell the tale of death. Mark drew near.

"Has he been examined—searched, I mean?" he demanded. "Has any robbery been committed, to fix the deed on any human hand?"

His voice sounded hollow and low in that large apartment.

"No, Mr. Mark," replied the steward. "Nothing has been done but to bring the poor gentleman here."

"You have done right," said Mark; "but it is now Sir Rupert's wish that an examination should be made."

The steward bowed, and then the process began. The result was somewhat remarkable. The watch-chain of the deceased still hung round his neck, though the repeater had apparently dropped from his pocket, and had stopped at about half-past seven; but whether that hour indicated the previous evening, or that morning, it was at present impossible to decide. His purse had disappeared, and his pocket-book and every paper that he might have been supposed to carry with him. Only the old family seal-ring on his finger had not been disturbed; and there was no trace of violence nor struggle on his dress or person. The whole affair seemed inexplicable to the little group, who watched with intense interest the sad process of search.

"It will be my duty to report all to Sir Rupert," observed Mark, "and take his further instructions. Two of you remain till I return; the rest can go to your respective duties."

Mark left the room, and his orders were slowly, but fully carried out.

It was almost terrible to witness the work-

ings of Sir Rupert's face, as Mark made his report with the clear brevity that Sir Rupert liked.

"Gone!" he said, hoarsely. "Robbed, murdered, Mark—do you not see? It shall be hunted out, if it costs me half my fortune."

"Pardon me, Sir Rupert," said Mark; "of course, I am in ignorance as to the especial matter to which you allude; but it appears to me that it can scarce have been a robbery, or why leave a valuable repeater and ring? and, even yet, other articles may be found that had dropped in his fall. I fancy that the wood has not been properly searched. Shall I send off to give notice to the police and the coroner?"

"Yes, yes," groaned the baronet; "but to no avail—to no avail. And yet, it is safe; he said so, and I know it. If a crime, it is a useless one."

He spoke these words rather to himself than his companion; then he looked suddenly up.

"You there! why are you not gone? Did I not say it?"

Mark never argued. It was one secret of his power; but he walked quickly from the room, and in half an hour from that time messengers were galloping away on their errand.

"Is your aunt here—Helen Trenchard?" was the question that met Mark on his return.

"No, Sir Rupert."

"When did she go?"

"This morning, at eight o'clock. I had returned from her cottage ere my usual hour of attendance on you."

"Not till then!" said the baronet.

"Not till then, Sir Rupert."

"Did she not leave the Abbey at all, on any pretext?"

"Not for a moment, Sir Rupert."

"Nor see any one here?"

"No one but myself, and a female servant who waited on her, Sir Rupert."

The baronet sank back in his chair. For once his suspicions seemed completely set at rest, and he did not again mention the woman's name.

The inquest on the body of the unfortunate solicitor was held in the great hall at Dacre Abbey. Two days had elapsed since his body had been discovered. Every effort had been used to trace out the real cause of death, but in vain, at least so far as the full satisfaction of the jury was concerned. A rigid search had failed to discover any trace of the purse, pocket-book and papers that were proved to have been on the person of the deceased when he started for his home. No traces of footsteps could be detected near the spot; and if there had been any, they must have been washed out by the violence of the storm. Mr. Selwyn was generally respected and liked. He had no great amount of money on his person, and the only possible theory was that he might have conducted some case against an offender, who wished thus to revenge himself for the deed.

One fact was ingeniously proved. The watch had not run down, so that probably it was on the previous evening that it had stopped. So much had been gained by the search of the police; and the medical evidence only went to prove that the marks found on the body might have been occasioned by his being struck down by lightning, or by some human agency, but which they declined positively to say; so the verdict was an open one, and it was that "John Selwyn met with his death in Dacre Wood, but by what means there was not sufficient evidence to show." And the practice of the solicitor passed into other hands, and the memory of the worthy old bachelor became as a thing of the past.

Geoffrey Dacre had remained absent on the shooting expedition which he had joined for three days after the inquest. It was an unfrequent but not unprecedented thing for him to take this brief recreation from his dreary attendance on his father; but on the morning of his return he was met by two different messengers, sent in haste to expedite his return. His face blanched as he saw their scared look when they addressed him.

"What has happened?" he asked, hastily.

"If you please, Mr. Geoffrey, Sir Rupert has had another stroke, and is not yet sensible. Mr. Mark sent us for you."

Geoffrey made no remark as he rode off at full speed to the Abbey. The report was not exaggerated. Sir Rupert lay a living corpse; dead in all effect to the world around, though the mysterious functions of life still performed their office. The physician said he might rally—might linger for weeks, or even months, but would never regain bodily or mental strength. It would be a mere existence, not life; and the servants and tenants shook their heads, and said that Mr. Selwyn's murder had killed Sir Rupert; which proved that there was more behind it than people knew, for he was not likely to be upset by other people's troubles. But nothing came out that was not already known, and Sir Rupert lay half forgotten in his barren splendor and friendless wealth. The large reward that had been offered by him, ere he was thus stricken down, for the discovery of the purse and belongings of the lawyer, and any trace of the real cause of his death, was withdrawn. Mr. Geoffrey Dacre did not feel warranted in acting in a matter of which he knew nothing, and in which his father was now powerless to give information.

Thus ended, for the time at least, the two great topics of gossip in the country round: namely, the sudden decease of Mr. Selwyn and the hopeless state in which Sir Rupert was lying.

## CHAPTER XIII.

MEANWHILE, when all these more stirring and practical events which we have recorded were going on at Dacre Abbey, how was the little world at Albans progressing?

Some days had passed since the archery fête

and Algernon Dacre had gradually forgotten the stern resolves with which he had come to Albans. Was there not a growing fascination that drew him, against his will, to Lady Alice's side? And there was one who saw and read the hearts of both. That one was Olivia.

Algernon Dacre did not forget her, that neglected and desolate child. One morning he said to her:

"Little one, what magic have you in your voice, that it lulls the fever in my soul to sleep?"

She raised her eyes to his with a beautiful, childish wonder.

"I like to do anything that pleases you, Captain Algernon, but I think, sometimes, you must forget me, now that—"

"That what, Olivia?" he asked.

"That you have got Lady Alice to talk to, and to tell all you think and feel," she replied.

"She is so beautiful and clever."

"Perhaps too beautiful and clever to care at all whether I am grave or gay, Olivia."

"But she talks to you, and looks at you, and seems to like you very much, and she is not above you, Captain Algernon."

"Again you may mistake, little flatterer," he said, a flush of involuntary pleasure flaming in his cheek.

"If I were a queen, and should see persons as good and noble and clever as you, I should love them."

"But—but," he said, hesitatingly, "how do you know? What makes you think Alice likes me, little Olivia?"

"Alice!" It was the first time he had spoken of her without her title. Olivia noticed it; but she only lowered her gaze for a moment, as if to hide a passing pang. Then she replied firmly, "Because she looks at you and talks to you as if she did, and because I can see that she is not happy when you are away. As for me," she continued, simply, "I should want some one to love me who was better and greater than myself; and I should wish him to be less rich and titled, because then I should have something to give him in return—something to make up for my not being equal to him."

Algernon gazed at the child-woman's face as she spoke with a sort of wonder. Was Alice even equal to that young solitary child in purity of sentiment and high aspiration? Was even her rich, Oriental beauty equal to that *spirituelle* fascination?

"Well, little one, we shall see, when you are tried," he said, playfully; "but, for the present, you are only to love me, remember. Time enough, six years hence, to talk of your destiny."

He was here interrupted by the sound of the breakfast-bell.

"I must leave you now, little one," he said. "Thanks for your pretty songs. Good-by."

She looked after him, and when the door closed behind him her head drooped over the keys, and her fingers played involuntarily a plaintive "farewell" air, that was a special favorite of Algernon's.

Algernon sauntered toward the pretty breakfast-room.

"I am very languid indeed this morning," Mrs. Abdy drawled out, with a helpless glance at the tea-urn that waited her attention. "Isabel, I wish you would pour out the tea and coffee this morning."

"Really, mamma, I think Jennings could come and perform that office," replied the girl, half angrily. "It would quite spoil my breakfast."

"Let me help you, Mrs. Abdy," exclaimed Alice, with a silvery laugh. "It would be great fun, and I will try not to make any mistakes."

Suiting the action to the word, the earl's daughter drew her chair beside her hostess, and began, with a pretty affectation of busy eagerness, the duties of the breakfast-table. Algernon seated himself in his usual seat by Mrs. Abdy, but which now brought him in juxtaposition with Lady Alice. How pretty, how dangerously home-like and familiar she looked, as she dispensed the piquant beverages with graceful *empressment*! Never had Algernon realized before the sweet image of a home, with that beautiful and fascinating creature as its head, giving a charm to its most ordinary details. But now he could have forgotten—perhaps he did forget—that she was the incipient Countess of Ashton; at that moment she was but "Alice."

"Is Lord Rushbrooke still at Driffield Park?" asked Alice.

"He will return for the ball," said Isabel; "he told me so when he dined here."

Lady Alice's face clouded. She gave a quick inquiring glance at Isabel, and her hand shook as she lifted the coffee-pot to satisfy Mrs. Abdy's request for another supply. Algernon watched her narrowly. Yet he could not decide whether it was a feeling of annoyance at Lord Rushbrooke's presence, or at Isabel's superior information, that brought that troubled expression on her face.

"May I secure your hand for the first dance, Lady Alice?" he whispered, as they rose from the table.

She hesitated an instant, then replied:

"Certainly, with pleasure, if it is allowable to engage oneself beforehand. I scarcely know the rules of these county balls."

"I can save the mark, then, by repeating the request immediately on our arrival in the ball-room," he replied, laughing. "Will that satisfy your ideas of duty, Lady Alice?"

She nodded hastily, and disappeared.

It was the evening of the great event of the year, the brilliant election ball, and in two days afterward Lady Alice Compton's visit at Albans was to end; and Algernon Dacre would also leave its hospitable roof for the time being.

Isabel had spent many secret hours in concocting her ball toilet. Lord Rushbrooke's attentions had been marked when he dined with them the day after the archery fête, and it was her own and her mother's belief that a little



more intimacy under favorable auspices would secure the great and unthought-for prize.

And Isabel did indeed look very lovely in her white, silvery dress, looped up with clematis and blue forget-me-not, her snowy neck and arms embellished with rich pearls and turquoises; and her shining golden hair skillfully arranged with flowers and jewels, to correspond with the character of the fairy-like robe. But in another instant the door again opened, and the form of Alice flitted into the room, glittering with a rare dark beauty that paled the attractions of the fair blonde.

A dress of Indian black and gold gauze floated about her; a costly set of sapphires sparkled on her arms and neck, and fastened it at the waist and bosom. But her silken masses of raven hair were left almost without ornament, save one large sapphire fastening a scarlet camellia in its heavy coils.

Algernon's light start of astonished admiration was not unobserved by Isabel; and the delicate bloom on her cheek deepened into an angry and less becoming flush.

The drive was a comparatively silent one.

The rooms were gorgeous with draperies and statues and transparencies, with illuminated fountains and rare plants; and scarcely were they in the doorway, when the massive form of Lord Rushbrooke appeared, his heavy features lighted up with something like eagerness.

"How do, Mrs. Abby! Glad to see you. Going to ask a favor. Take me back with you to-night, eh? Lady Driffield's maid's got typhus fever, or some horrid thing or other. Don't care to sleep there again—hate country inns—eh?"

"Of course, Lord Rushbrooke. You could not doubt it. Isabel—Lady Alice—you have not spoken to Lord Rushbrooke," she added, as the girls came up, after being detained for a moment by the struggling crowd.

The viscount looked doubtful. His predilections were certainly in favor of leading off the ball with Lady Alice; but after his recent demand on the hospitality of the mother, he could scarcely avoid paying the compliment to the daughter; yet he turned to Lady Alice.

"You will honor me for the first quadrille, Lady Alice, of course; and perhaps the next, Miss Abby will favor me with her hand—I see it is a waltz—eh, Miss Abby?"

Lady Alice hesitated for a moment, but the sight of Algernon's flashing irritation decided her.

"Pardon me, Lord Rushbrooke; I am already engaged to Captain Dacre."

"Quite impossible," drawled the viscount; "contrary to every rule. You see, first, no one can engage themselves at a public ball out of the room. Dacre must give way; it's out of the question."

"Certainly not to Lord Rushbrooke," said Dacre, laughing. "I leave it, of course, in Lady Alice's hands. Her will cannot be disputed by any one pretending to be a gentleman."

The viscount scowled, with almost ferocious anger in his dark features; but ere he could speak, Lady Alice's silvery tones came like music after a storm.

"Thanks, Captain Dacre; you are ever considerate. So perhaps you will permit me to alter our engagement from this dance to the next."

The winning, pleading glance would have obtained a greater favor than the small concession she asked, and Algernon turned, with an answering smile and bow, from her side. But, for some unexplained reason, he did not, as perhaps Isabel anticipated, ask her to dance, and give her the pleasure of announcing that she was already engaged to Sir Henry Ventnor. He only led Mrs. Abby to a seat on the dowagers' bench at the top of the room, and then, after a few brief remarks on the scene, walked away to a distant corner, where he could watch the dancers without being observed, and where he might even catch some of the gay banter that passed between the fair and young in the intervals of the figures; and, as it happened, especially near the spot where the viscount and Lady Alice stood.

It was certainly not intentional eavesdropping; indeed, it might have been supposed that the others in the quadrille would have gathered far more; but then each was engaged with his own dialogue, and bestowed little attention on their neighbors.

"It is infamous, Lady Alice! Excuse my using such plain language, but I can really find no other. Such base advantage of your absence from your father, and your ignorance of the truth."

"Pardon me, my lord," said Lady Alice, her color rising to her very hair; "it is as perfectly out of your province to take to task my own conduct or that of others toward me, as it is ill-judged to bring such subjects into such a scene. I must request its instant cessation."

"Dear Lady Alice, I would not offend you if I could avoid it," he replied, with a stronger and more genuine interest in his tone than Dacre could have believed he could express.

"But if you knew all—and it is far better that you should not even have an idea of topics so unfit for your feminine ears. Will you not spare me the pain of speaking to Lord Ashton on the subject of these presumptuous pretensions?"

"He saved my life, Lord Rushbrooke. There can scarcely be any presumption after that," she replied, proudly.

"Which any groom or jockey would have done as well," he said, scornfully. "Lady Alice, I give you my word of honor that there are the strongest reasons why you should not cultivate the friendship or endure the insolent advances of that man; and, as the trusted friend of Lord Ashton, it will be my duty to take measures that will effectually stop any further intimacy."

The girl glanced quickly at him. Something in his face warned her that he was for once in earnest, and that there was some foundation for his words. It became needful then for her

to act, and that promptly and prudently, or serious mischief might arise to one in whom she was more interested than she would have confessed.

"Lord Rushbrooke," she said, firmly, availing herself of the general "change" in the last figure of the quadrille to speak without any chance of being overheard, "let us have a perfect understanding with each other. It is the last time that I will even tolerate the mention of so personal a matter from your lips. Lord Ashton is perfectly competent to select his own and his daughter's friends, and his daughter is perfectly aware of what is due to her own dignity without any assistance from strangers."

"Strangers, Lady Alice?" repeated the viscount, with a half daunted, half sullen air.

"Yes, Lord Rushbrooke, strangers. Your conduct this evening has certainly not been calculated to make me consider you in another light. And I shall take the earliest opportunity of reporting the whole conversation to Lord Ashton, unless you make a full apology, and assure me that it is the last time you will be guilty of such an insult to myself and to the earl's friends."

The young nobleman quailed under the spirited dignity of her rebuke.

"Really, Lady Alice," he said, as he led her away from the dance to the spot where Mrs. Abby sat, "upon my word, you are like gunpowder to blaze up like that, when a fellow is anxious to do what he can to save you from being imposed upon. But don't be so severe; I'll leave the matter alone, unless something more turns up. It's not very likely the truth can be concealed much longer."

With this parting shot, he resigned the girl to her chaperone, and devoted himself to Isabel Abby, with an *empressment* that raised that young lady's hopes and spirits to a "summer heat" pitch.

Algernon Dacre had not heard this concluding dialogue; he had merely caught the words which conveyed so galling an insult to himself. His first impulse was to leave the room, his next to charge the viscount to his face with the cowardly attack he had made on an absent and outraged man, and at once demand satisfaction for the wrong. But an accidental parting of the throng revealed to him the sweet face of Alice Compton, evidently looking anxiously for his approach, and he resolutely turned from the spot where her late cavalier stood, in rather broken and abstracted conversation with Miss Abby. Her name should at least be kept sacred from public comment.

"I believe the waltz is beginning, Lady Alice," he said, approaching her with an admirably assumed air of unconsciousness. "May I claim your promise?"

She rose with a smile—such a smile of trusting confidence and regard that it sent his blood rushing through his veins, and brought a brief but delicious happiness, which, for the hour, smothered all those gloomy thoughts and realities deep down in his heart. Her slight form was in his clasp, her dark eyes dancing joyously, and her cheek glowing like a soft damask rose, while her voice had an unconscious tenderness and sympathy in its tones that at once soothed the galling insult that had been offered. Truly that was an intoxicating whirl to both those graceful dancers. Little was spoken; but the very silence, and the valued sympathy of their hearts were more dangerous and more delicious than words.

How the remainder of the evening passed neither of them could ever clearly remember. Only one idea, one thought, pervaded their minds. They felt instinctively that each was necessary to the other; and yet an undercurrent of doubts and fears poisoned the half-formed hopes that—unconsciously to themselves, perhaps—rose in the hearts of the heiress and the disinherited.

## REVIEWING THE MONTMARTRE BATTERIES.

GENERAL TROCHU, despite all that envious people have said of him, appears to be the life and soul of the armed men who stand behind the ramparts of Paris. He is at work night and day. If, as yet, he has done no brilliant thing, he has doubtless reasons for it. His soldiers must be not only thoroughly equipped, but carefully drilled, so that when the hour arrives, if it ever does, he will be enabled to successfully drive back the armies investing, and so raise the siege of Paris. There are many things to be considered in connection with his own work beyond his reach just now, but which he is patiently waiting, as in time it will, to come to him. Our illustration shows Trochu at the *batteries* Montmartre reviewing the marines placed in charge of the batteries. These he has found satisfactory. It was from the Place St. Pierre, near the batteries, that Gambetta made his successful escape from Paris by balloon, an engraving of which event appeared in our last issue.

## STRASBOURG AFTER THE CAPITULATION.

We present illustrations of the interior of the city of Strasbourg, as it appeared to the artists accompanying the Prussian and Bavarian columns on their entrance into it. Many of the engravings published in this issue are given, not as pencil descriptions of current events, but as historical pictures, made by experienced artists, who drew not from their imaginations, but from what they saw before them. In this sense they are invaluable, and as such we present them. It is perhaps as well here to state that there were about four hundred houses fired and destroyed by the shells sent into the city from the lines of the besiegers, and it was subsequently ascertained that not less than eight thousand of the inhabitants were buried beneath the ruins. Among the more prominent of the works of architecture destroyed was the entrance to the Citadel. We present views of the interior of that building, and the Theatre, which was badly damaged. We also give a western view of the city as it appeared upon its surrender to the Germans by General Urich. A remarkable coincidence in connection with the capitulation was the fact that, on that day, one hundred and eighty-nine years before, the town was captured by the French and annexed to their kingdom. We also give a fine illustration of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, which was used during the siege by the Prussians to have an unobstructed view of the interior of Strasbourg.

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## A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

The engraving shows the naval engagement which took place in the Baltic Sea a few weeks ago, between two French ironclads and the North-German yacht Grille—an exceedingly fast vessel. The French ironclads chased the yacht for several hours, but finding it impossible to overtake her, gave up the contest. During the chase a number of shots were fired, but without serious damage to either of the contestants.

## TERRIBLE EXPLOSION AT LAON, FRANCE.

A FEW days subsequent to the battle of Sedan, the French General Vinoy, with his command, entered Laon, but he did not remain there many hours. On his retiring he left a small detachment to garrison the city. Shortly after a squadron of Prussian cavalry made their appearance, and the officer in command of which demanded the immediate surrender of the town. The garrison at once capitulated, and the Prussians rode into the city. But no sooner had the last of the squadron passed through the gate than a terrific explosion took place, shaking down many buildings, and sending thousands of shot and shell all over the city. When these had ceased rising, and all danger had passed away, the people and soldiers on both sides ran to the scene of the disaster, as depicted in the engraving, taken by reliable artists, and on investigation it was found that upward of four hundred persons, French and Prussians, had been killed, and many wounded. It was subsequently ascertained that a non-commissioned officer of the French artillery, and one of those who were killed, had set fire to a train of powder, which ignited the magazine, that caused the terrible catastrophe.

## CAPTURING A FRENCH BATTERY.

TOWARD the close of the hotly-contested engagement that ended in the capture of Dijon by the Prussians, it was found necessary to charge up a somewhat abrupt hill, on the crown of which a field battery had been placed by the French, which poured a heavy, continuous and well-directed fire on the German lines. A regiment of Prussian cuirassiers was brought forward for this purpose. The French gunners perceived that an attack was preparing for them, and to check it they immediately brought other guns into line, and thus they made any road in their front seem impossible of passage by the devoted regiment. The moment was critical. A failure here was the loss of Dijon and the honors of the field to the Prussians. While the French guns belched forth a seeming unintermitting fire of grape and canister and quickly-exploding shells, the bugles of the attacking regiment sounded the charge. The horses and men sprang to the work of death. The smoke of the guns enveloped them. A dark mass could only be seen in the field pushing rapidly forward. Now it was noticed to ascend the hill. An instant of suspense, and a shrill, prolonged cry was heard, followed, as the guns suddenly stopped their work of death, by loud and protracted cheering. The heights had been carried, and the day was won.

## STORMING THE HEIGHTS OF SPICHERN.

THE double-page engraving illustrates the brilliant attack on the heights of Spichern, which may be regarded as the second battle of Saarbrücken. This engraving is historically interesting. It was made by a German artist immediately upon the close of the engagement. We offer it to our readers not as a matter of news, but as the German view of one of the most scientifically fought battles of the many which took place on the opening of the war. It is declared, on the best authority, to be correct in every particular.

## THE RUINS OF BAZAILLES.

FOR the same reason that induces us to present other engravings in the Supplement accompanying this number of our journal, we give that of the ruins of Bazailles, a hamlet not far from Sedan. Just before the battle of Sedan, a number of Prussian wounded soldiers were passing through the streets of the village, the inhabitants, actuated either by fear or hatred, fired at the helpless men from their windows, killing many. Of course an act so dastardly could not be permitted to go long unpunished, and a detachment of men were ordered to burn the place to the ground. As the engraving shows, they did the work to which they were ordered effectually.

## BATTLE-FIELD NEAR SEDAN.

THE engraving is intended to illustrate the general appearance of a field of battle at the close of a prolonged, hotly and stubbornly contested engagement. The dead are carefully taken up, but their burial is without ceremony, and rough in the extreme. A ditch is dug, and into it are thrown the bodies alike of friends and foes. Then the details move, with slow

and cautious steps, over the ensanguined plain, and the wounded are tenderly taken up and carried in ambulances to the hospitals, or to the field-tents, where all the care surgeons accustomed to battles can bestow is lavished on them. Next, the carcasses of fatally injured horses are buried; and, last of all, the debris is collected, and the worthless parts piled up and destroyed.

## TURCOS AND BAVARIANS.

DURING the battle of Weissenburg, the Bavarian infantry and the Turcos of the French army came in collision, for the first time, once in a hop-garden, and again beyond the heights near a vineyard. It was in this battle the Turcos, of whom dreadful stories had been told in Berlin, were first encountered by German soldiers. But a few moments were sufficient to reassure the Prussians and Bavarians that the half-savage Turco was not so dreadful a being to meet in battle—that, if anything, he was less to be feared, on account of his want of discipline, than the regular soldiers of France. We gave, in No. 789, an engraving of the fight in the hop-garden; in this one we present an illustration of the charge, just outside of it, by the Turcos, which was boldly and successfully resisted by Bavarian infantry.

## NEWS BREVITIES.

CALIFORNIA wants a lecture bureau.

PENNSYLVANIA's butter county is Tioga.

PHILADELPHIA is asking for street-car stoves.

BOSTON is to have a Catholic Choral Society.

IOWA CITY is worried by a gang of boy burglars.

A VALUABLE salt-mine was recently discovered at Kittanning, Pa.

MISSISSIPPI has received 3,000 Scandinavian immigrants this year.

THE oil of sunflower seeds is now worked over into a delicious perfume.

A SALT LAKE Mormon has invented a machine for killing grasshoppers.

A LARGE co-operative woolen factory has been established at Provo, Utah.

THE Winnabagoes on Barron's Island, Wis., have been having a scalp-dance.

SOUTH BOSTON is to have a new primary school-house at a cost of \$36,000.

A PRUSSIAN soldier recently died from eating six pounds of meat at a meal.

A DUPLICATE of the lost missionary ship Morning Star is to be built at once.

THERE are 946 tobacco and snuff and 10,827 cigar manufactories in the United States.

THE crown of England contains seventeen hundred diamonds, and is valued at \$500,000.

EVANSVILLE (Ind.) brutes spite their neighbors by cutting out the tongues of their cows.

A CINCINNATI court has decided that to call an enemy a "blackguard" constitutes no libel.

THE estimated population of London is 2,200,000, and it covers 121 square miles of land.

THERE are 42,793 families in Cincinnati, 25,175 dwellings, 111,101 females, and 107,799 males.

THE New York pisciculturists have received reinforcements of 70,000 salmon-trout ova.

THERE are in Indiana 619,590 school children, 11,826 teachers, and \$3,600,670.56 total revenue.

A WOUNDED Prussian dragoon in one of the hospitals of Leipzig has no less than fourteen wounds.

IN Baltimore, under the paid department system, the life of every fireman is insured by the city.

SINCE the year 1832, one million one hundred and fifty thousand emigrants have left the port of Bremen.

THE town of Wesley, Me., has paid bounty on thirty bears killed within town limits during the present year.

A BELGIAN sportsman has brought down a woodcock with white wings, which is creating quite a sensation.

UPWARD of twenty young women are studying theology in the United States, with the view of becoming preachers.

CHICAGO invested about \$57,000 in tickets of the San Francisco Mercantile Library Lottery, and drew \$17,200 in prizes.

THE faithful in Belgium are raising a subscription for the Pontical Zouaves, thrown out of business by recent events.

THE inventor of the newly improved Bavarian mitraillease is a young Bavarian carriage-maker of the little city of Farstbart.

THE one single individual who voted the Democratic ticket in Winnebago County, Ia., at the late election, was totally blind.

THE Hall of Representatives in the State Capital at Dover, Del., was rented to a negro minstrel company on the 11th of November.

THE balloon which brought Gambetta had expended its last pinch of ballast before it became entangled in the oak tree and got to earth.

THE Queen of Spain is at Geneva, and is reported to have sent proceeds of the sale of a parure of diamonds to the distressed Strasburgers.

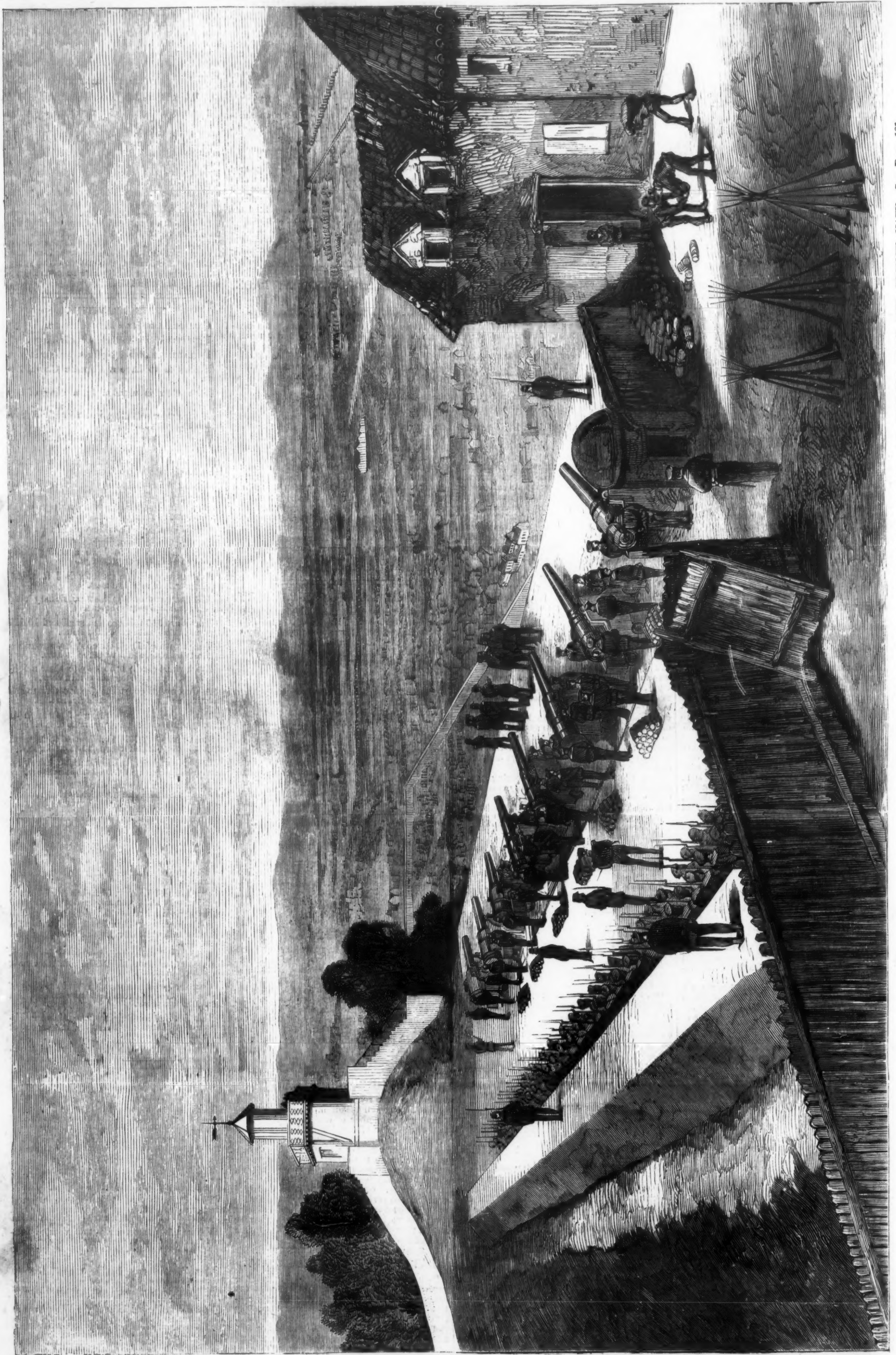
THE Regent of Spain lately gave a grand banquet to the North German ambassador at which no other member of the diplomatic corps was present.

VIRGINIA's peanut crop this year is estimated at 400,000 bushels; Tennessee's at 300,000; and that of Georgia and the Carolinas at 150,000 to 200,000 bushels.

THE Prussians are having a good time in the wine districts of France, and monuments of their progress there may be found in the shape of piles of empty bottles.

THE champion old lady of the West lives at Muskingum, O. She is now in the one hundred and seventh year of her age. Last summer she traveled alone from the eastern portion of Virginia to Muskingum, and did the journey handsome. Last Sabbath she walked nearly a mile to attend church.





FRANCE. - THE DEFENSE OF PARIS - GENERAL TROCHU INSPECTING THE BATTERIES ON THE BUTTES MONTMARTRE, MANNED BY GUNNERS FROM THE FRENCH NAVY. - SEE PAGE 191.





MADAME LAZARRE'S CIGARETTE DEPARTMENT, AT THE LARGE STAND IN THE THIRD HALL FOR THE SALE OF FANCY WARES.



THE TOMBOLA—A CHARACTERISTIC FRENCH GAME OF CHANCE.



THE POST-OFFICE.



A FEATURE OF THE FLOWER-STAND—SIGNIFICANT BOUQUET AND CHOICE ROSES.



IN THE PICTURE-GALLERY.



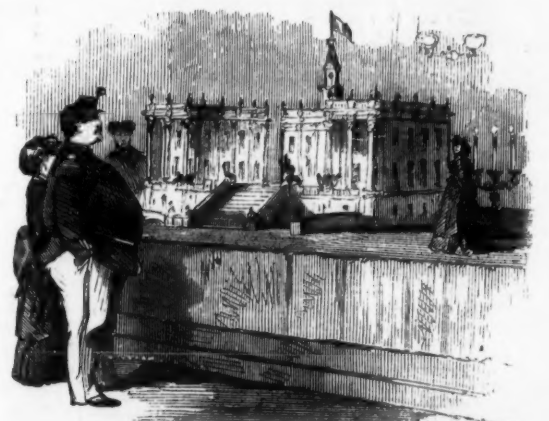
THE LARGE FLOWER-STAND IN THE SECOND HALL.



THE SODA-WATER FOUNTAIN.



MISS E. ALLIER'S LADY'S TOILET-STAND.



A CHATEAU MADE OF SUGAR ON THE BUFFET.

NEW YORK CITY.—FEATURES IN THE GREAT FRENCH FAIR, NOW OPEN AT THE ARMOY OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT, BROADWAY AND THIRTY-SIXTH STREET.—SEE PAGE 187.



## THE FUR TRADE.

The fur trade this season thus far has not been very brisk, and though there are few decided novelties, we are glad to know that greater care is being exercised in selecting and dressing skins. At the commodious establishment of C. G. Gunther's Sons, on Broadway, we have examined some of the richest and most artistically prepared furs to be found in this country.

First in the line of stylish sets comes the boa, made flat, straight, and about a yard and a half long. Collars will not be generally worn, but for persons requiring great warmth about the neck, some neat ones are furnished, very small, cut round behind, with square fronts, finished with tips. Muffs will be very small and round, and lined with heavy gros grain or satin, the same shade as the fur, and finished with fur tassels. For skating use the newest muffs are square, instead of pointing, and made of fur throughout, instead of leather backed.

The abundant supply of skins collected last year, as well as the decline in gold, places good furs at lower rates than a year ago. The light shades of Hudson Bay sable are now sold for \$75 a set, and seal-skin saques that cost \$100 last season are offered now for \$80. The darkest sable sets cost from \$150 to \$175—the latter is for the rich Russian fur called crown sable. A long light boa of Hudson Bay sable is marked as low as \$35; the muff to match is \$30. Sets of the darkest mink range from \$75 to \$90, while \$50 will purchase a medium set. The Alaska sable is a long, beautiful, black fur, approaching nearly to sable, yet it is the skin of the common polecat. Sets of the best quality sold last year for \$50, but are now \$25. The odor of the animal is thought to be entirely destroyed, though we have heard of cases where it returned when worn in close, hot rooms, the skins not having been thoroughly cleaned in dressing. In selecting muffs, boas and trimmings of this fur, ladies should be particular in dealing with first-class houses, on account of a superior treatment of the skins which is necessary to preserve them. Some dealers are able to sell trimming at \$2 per yard; but those purchasing at this price run a great risk of securing a swarm of worms. There is more grease and animal matter in the skin of the polecat than in any other, and greater care is required in its extraction. When properly dressed, the skin will cost \$5 per yard.

Fur seal of dark, velvet-like maroon shades, is one of the richest and most durable of furs. It is made into pretty sets, comprising a boa with a miniature head of the animal at the throat, or else with a collar edged with mink.

Ermine muffs are finished with Angora tassels, with an upper tasseled heading of crimped silk. Boas of various qualities and length range from \$10 to \$25. Round muffs of the finest grebe are \$18; pocket-muffs, \$12 to \$15; boas, \$10. Gray Astrakhan sets are pretty for skaters and for children, price \$15 to \$18. Closely-curling black Persian sets are \$20. Those made of the fine, glossy baby-lamb are \$32.

One of the most elegant articles in the line of cloaks we have ever seen was made of camel-hair, lined with Hudson Bay sable, and trimmed with Russian sable sets. Russian lamb saques at \$45, the short-curling Persian at \$75, and the expensive silken Persian, or baby-lamb, of soft, glossy, waved surface, like moiré, are very desirable and valuable. The newest fur cloaks, however, are of black silk on the outside, with only linings of fur made with revers and flowing sleeves, to show the inside.

Fur trimmings will be greatly used on velvet and cloth cloaks. The black marten or Alaska sable has the preference as a border even over more valuable furs. The best quality is \$2.50 or \$3 a yard for inch-wide bands. It can be bought, however, as low as \$1.50.

For little girls of from six to ten years, saques made of white Iceland lamb are very rich, and cost from \$25 to \$30. This article is preferable in every respect to the French cony. It is more durable; it can be cleaned the same as ermine without injury; and as children are apt to soil their garments at play, we heartily recommend its general use.

Fur turbans are not alone worn for skating; being made light and graceful, they are as suitable for general wear as any other hat. We can safely say that no full set of furs is complete without a turban. Seal and Astrakhan are the furs principally used. Children wear white cony hats and Iceland lamb to match their saques.

Seal and otter are the furs most suitable for gentlemen. They no longer wear the broad coachman's collar, but a narrower band that crosses in front beneath the coat, and gives the appearance of a fur collar. A handsome collar costs \$8. Gloves and gauntlets of seal cost from \$8 to \$10. Seal-skin vests for gentlemen are \$40. Handsome English jackets are made of this fine fur for \$200. Gentlemen have an erroneous impression regarding the weight of fur-seal coats; when carefully made they will weigh no more than the ordinary beaver-cloth riding-coats.

We have an unusual variety in robes this year. The sable fur robes robe light in weight, but very warm, used principally for carriage-riding. Then comes the white Polar bear, the black bear, the wolverine, beaver, seal, otter, and the red, white, and gray fox. In cheaper robes we have, as usual, the wolf, coon, black Angora, badger, lynx, wild-cat, genet, and opossum. A new style of carriage-cover for private coachmen has made its appearance. It is a handsome beaver cloth, of the same color as the lining of the carriage, trimmed with black bear of the very best quality, about twelve inches wide, and lined with buffalo for warmth. This cover is cut to conform to the shape of the driver's seat, falling gracefully over each side of the box, and giving a very stylish appearance to the carriage.

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST OF GENUINE WALTHAM WATCHES tells how and where they are made, describes the different grades, and gives weight and quality of the cases, with prices of each. We send them by express to any part of the country, with bill to Collect on Delivery, with privilege to the purchaser to examine the Watch before paying. No risk is taken by those who buy of us, as every Watch is warranted to give satisfaction, or the money will be refunded. The prices of the Silver Watches range from \$16 upward, and the Gold Watches from \$70. When you write for a Price List, state that you saw this notice in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper. Address HOWARD & CO., 785 Broadway, New York. 782-803

Those best enjoy their Thanksgiving dinner who accompany it with sparkling wine, and few would think of halting the New Year without a choice beverage. Abraham Bininger, the well-known wine-merchant, has long held the reputation of furnishing the purest and consequently richest, wines and liquors. His warehouse, at 39 Broad street, is stored with liquors that for purity, age, and sparkle cannot be excelled, and is well worth a Holiday visit.

To Cure a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. 792-803

FIRST PREMIUM awarded by Am. Inst., 1870. MICROSCOPES, illustrated price list and catalogues, logarithmic free to any address. 792-81 T. H. McALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

For Freckles, Tan, Moth-Patches, and Sallowness.

Use DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier. Prepared by him the past thirty-one years, and positively reliable, and warranted free from lead and all mineral ingredients. To be had at Dr. Gouraud's old depot, 49 Bond St., N. Y., and dealers.

## DRYGOODS.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue, are still offering their splendid stock of Fall and Holiday Goods at the reduced quotations of last week.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue, 100 bxs. Silk Cloak Velvets, full width, \$6, \$8 and \$10; worth \$10, \$12 and \$15. Real Lyons goods. Splendid Black Satins, \$1.50; worth \$2. Rich Colored Satins, best quality, \$1.75; worth \$2.50.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue, Magnificent Gros Grain Silk, \$2.85; elsewhere, \$4 per yard—a really superb bargain. Best \$1 Alpaca reduced to 80c. this week. Best 75c. Alpaca reduced to 60c. this week.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue, Best 60c. Alpaca reduced to 50c. this week. Best 50c. Alpaca reduced to 40c. this week. Best 37c. Alpaca reduced to 31c. this week. Best 31c. Alpaca reduced to 25c. this week.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue, Our best, All-wool, Serge Plaids reduced this week from \$1 to 85c. Yard-wide Poplin Plaids down to 25c. Waterproof Cloth, all shades, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue, Muslin Walking Skirts, 20 tucks, \$1; worth \$1.50. Walking Suits in Black Alpaca, \$6; worth \$10. Morning Wrappers trimmed in Satin, Rich Morning and Evening Dresses.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue, Ladies' Handsome Beaver Cloth Saques, handsomely trimmed, \$4 up. Velvetene Saques, elaborately trimmed, \$7.50. Misses' Saques and Suits, various and cheap.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue, Have just received an elegant assortment of Invisible Green and Navy Blue Suits, at very moderate prices. The latest novelties in Merino Cloaks.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue, Merino Vests, 75c.; Merino Drawers, 75c. worth \$1.25; elegant Chemise, tucked bosom, elaborately trimmed, \$1, worth \$1.75; Merino and Muslin Undergarments of every description.

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329 SIXTH AVENUE,

FOR SILK VELVETS AND DRESS TRIMMINGS.

100 pieces Black Silk Velvet, \$1.50, worth \$2. 100 pieces Black Silk Velvet, \$1.35, worth \$2.25. Extra fine Trimming Velvet, \$2.50. 20-inch extra quality Trimming Velvet, \$3, worth \$4. 20-inch extra quality Trimming Velvet, \$3.75; cost more in gold. 20-inch very fine Trimming Velvet, \$4.50, worth \$6. All shades of Colored Velvets.

Go to O'NEILL'S for VELVETEENS.

50 pieces Brown Velveteen, \$1, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.25. 100 pieces Black Velveteen, \$1, \$1.10, \$1.45; worth \$1.50 and \$2. 50 pieces Black Satin, \$1.45, \$1.65, \$1.85—cost more in gold.

Go to O'NEILL'S, 329 Sixth Avenue, for French and English Round Hats. All shapes Silk Velvet Hats, \$2.50. Finest quality Felt Hats, only \$1.45, worth \$2.50.

Go to O'NEILL'S for The largest and best assortment of Ostrich Plumes, Ostrich Tips, Fancy Feathers, finest Goods imported.

Go to O'NEILL'S for French Flowers, Natural Roses. Sash Ribbons, selling off below cost. 100 Cartons 7-inch Black Ribbons, 80c., worth \$1. 50 Cartons Roman Sash Ribbons, \$1, worth \$1.50. Complete Assortment of Gros Grain.

Go to O'NEILL'S for Kid Gloves, two buttons, \$1.55, worth \$1.75; all new shades.

Black Crapes, cut bias. Thread Lace, Fine French Laces. Nets of all kinds. Call and see our prices. All Goods marked in plain figures.

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BARGAINS IN REAL LACE, Dress and Cloak Trimmings, Velvets, Velveteens, Hosiery, Undergarments, Kid Gloves, etc. Best quality Guipure Lace, 4-inch wide, at \$1.35, worth \$2. All our Velveteens greatly reduced. Our 85c. Black Velveteen reduced to 50c., and other goods in proportion. Special attention given to orders by mail at

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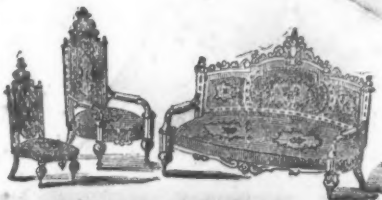
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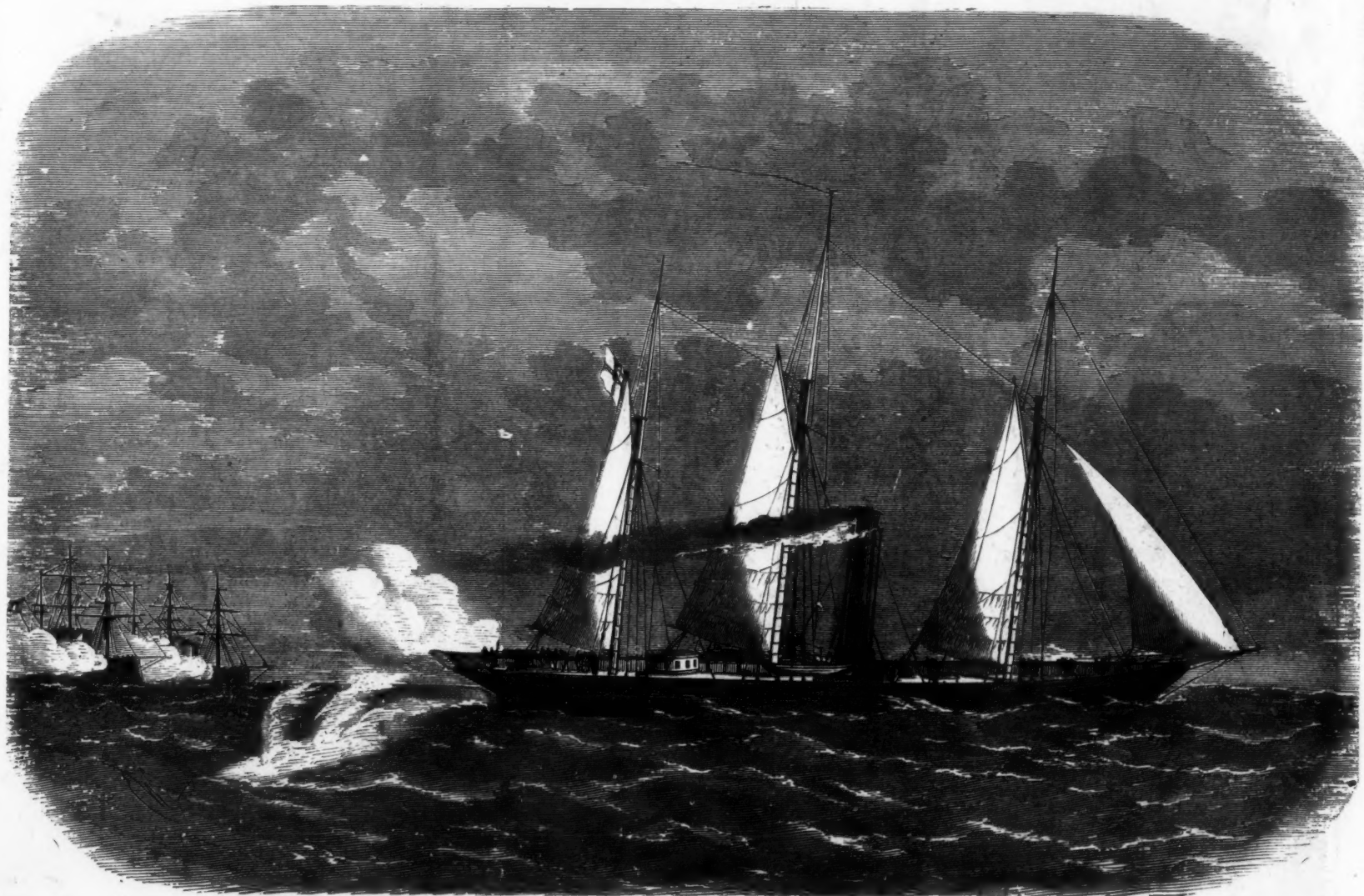
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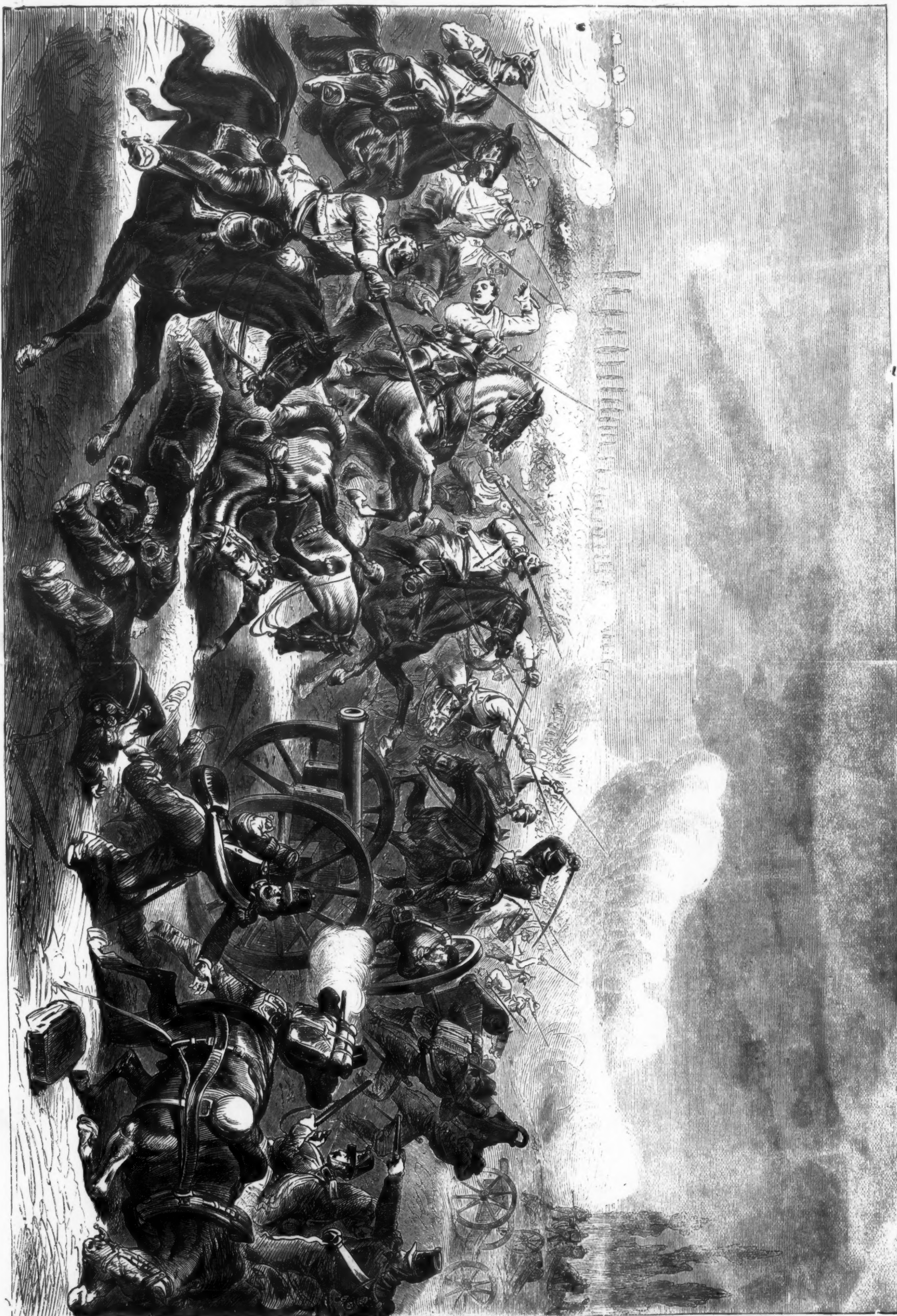
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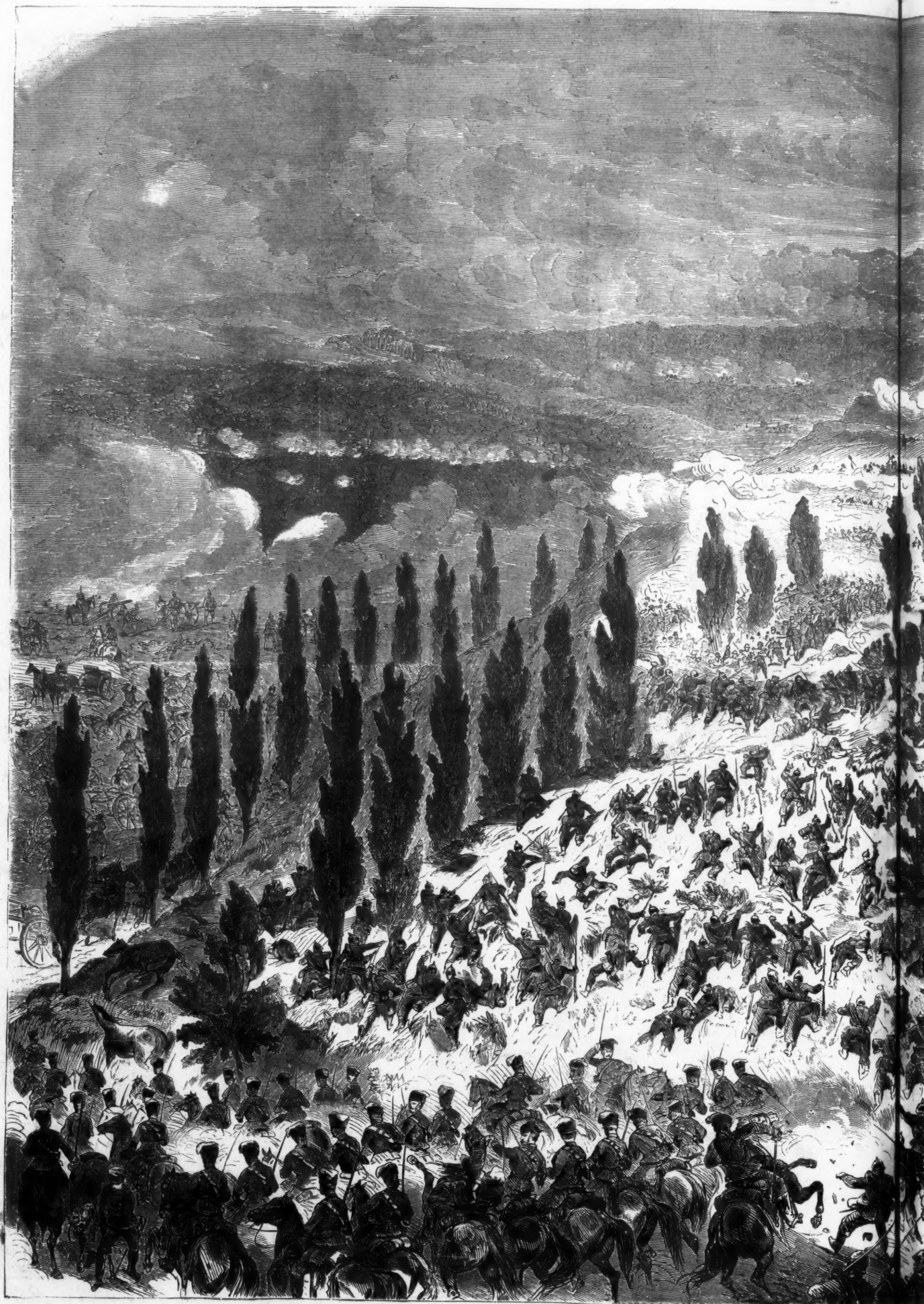
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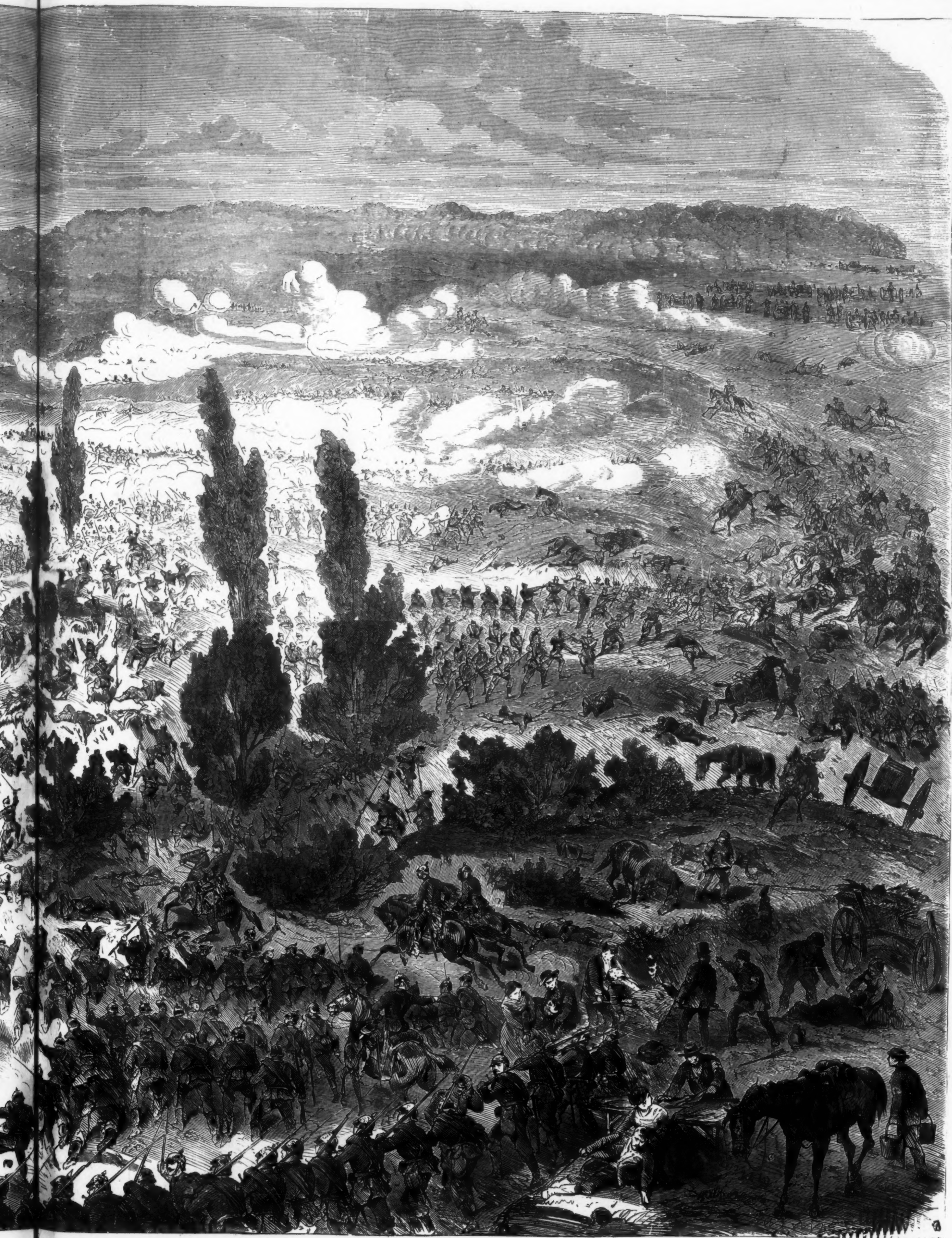
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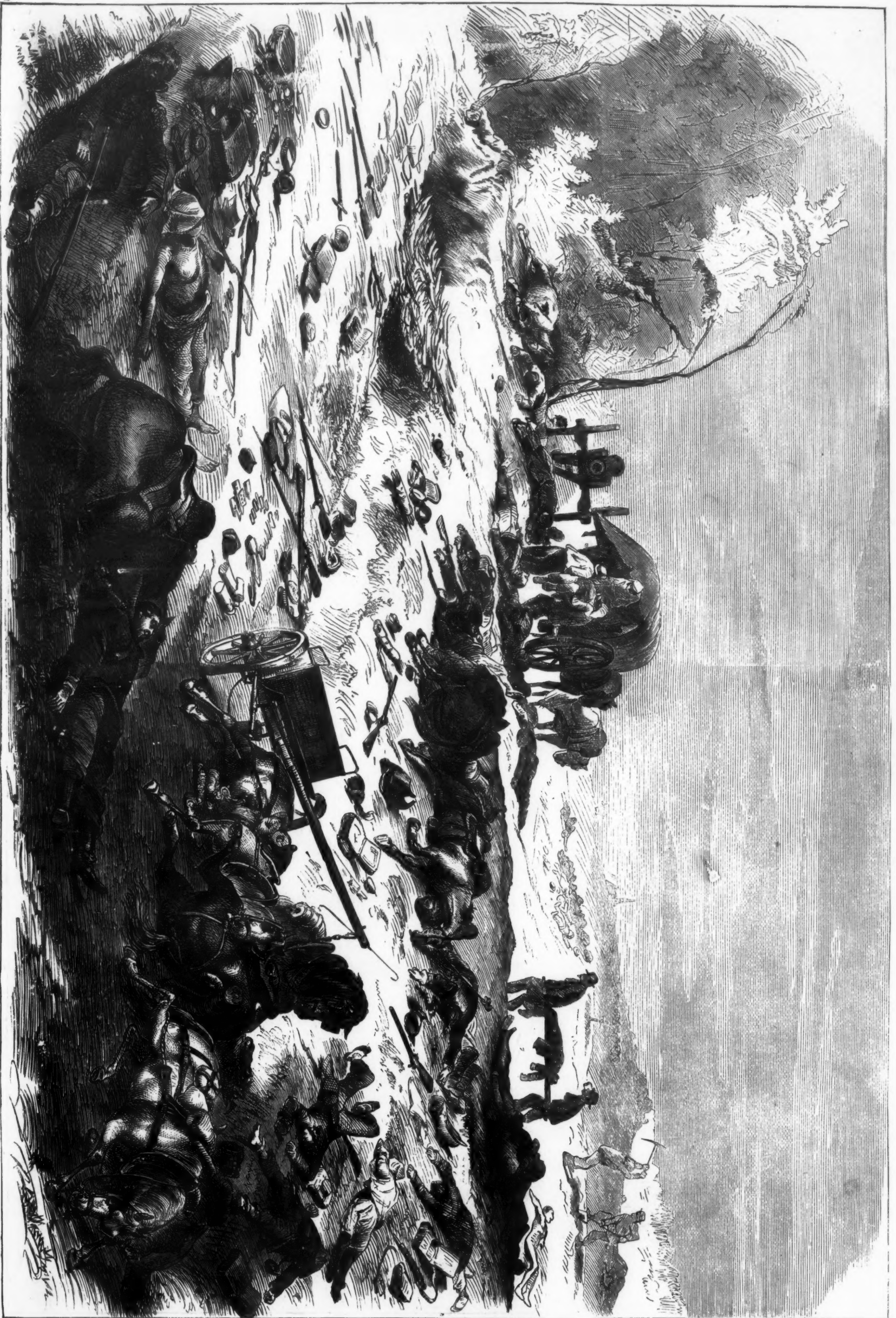


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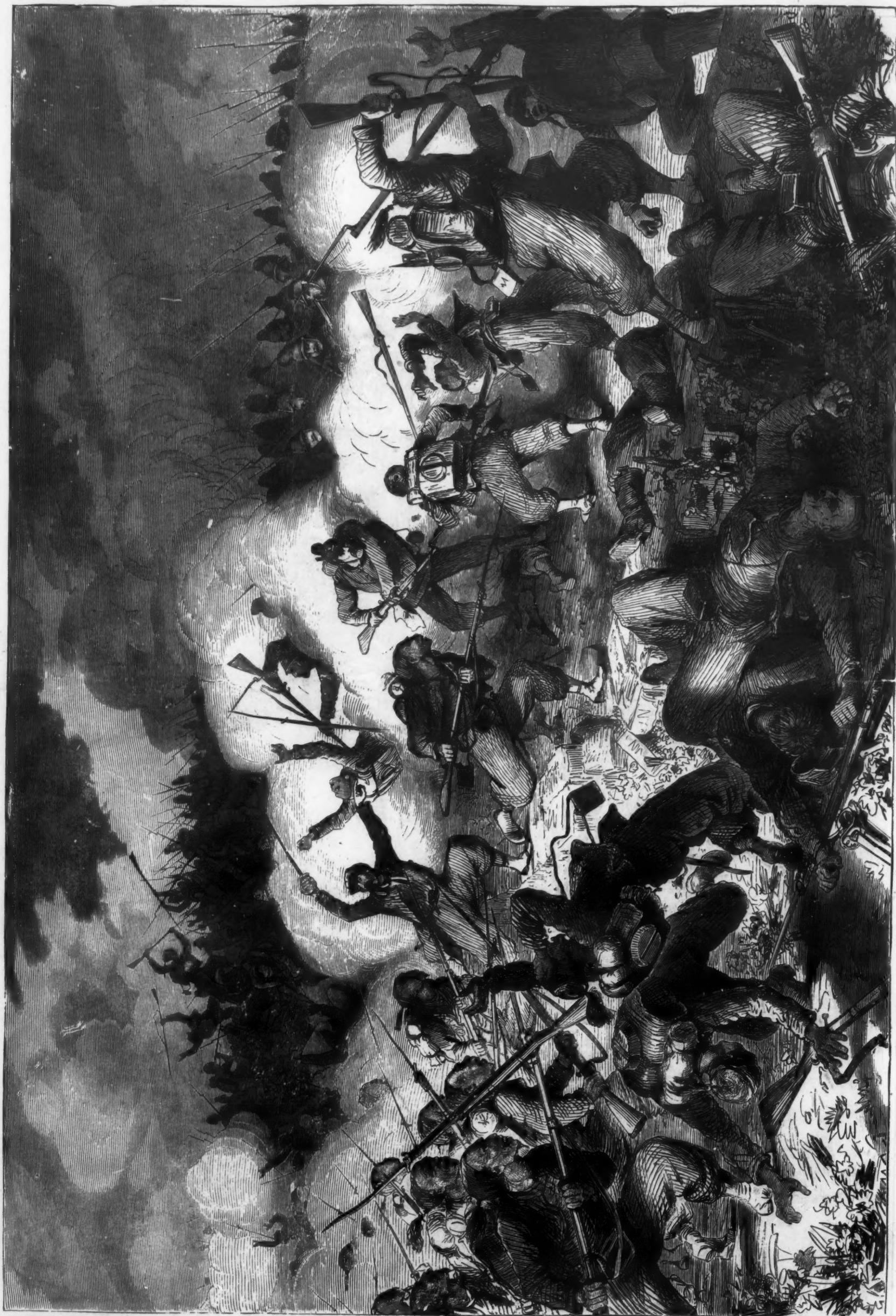
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FERCE FIGHT BETWEEN THE HAVARIAN INFANTRY AND THE TURCOS, AT WEISSENBURG.—SEE PAGE 191.